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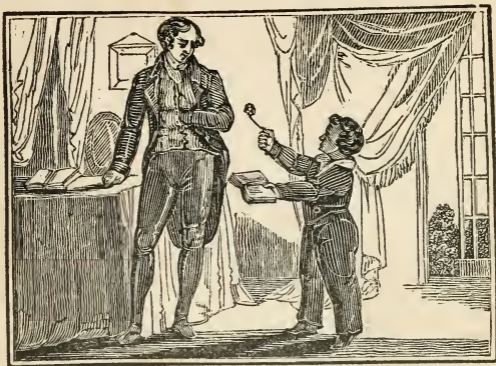
Gilbert

and





FRONTISPIECE.



Here, Miss, are pretty birds to buy. p. 144.

ORIGINAL POEMS,

FOR

Brookers

INFANT MINDS.

BY THE TAYLOR FAMILY.

Gilbert, Anne (Taylor).



“ In books, or works, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past ;
That I may give, for every day,
Some good account at last.”—*Watts.*

Philadelphia :

THOS. T. ASH—148 CHESNUT STREET.

.....
1834.

1. Special literature -
Poetry, English



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NEW YORK

PREFACE.

IF a hearty affection for that interesting little race, the race of children, is any recommendation, the writers of the following pages are well recommended ; and if to have studied in some degree their capacities, habits, and wants, with a wish to adapt these simple verses to their real comprehensions, and probable improvement,—if this has any further claim to the indulgence of the public, it is the last and only one they attempt to make. The deficiency of the composition as poetry, is by no means a secret to their authors: but it was thought desirable to abridge every poetic freedom and figure, and even every long syllabled word which might give, perhaps, a false idea, to their little readers, or at least make a chasm in the chain of conception. Images which to us are so familiar that we forget their imagery, are terrible stumbling-blocks to children, who have none but literal ideas ; and though it may be allowable to introduce a simple kind, which a little maternal attention will easily explain, and which may tend to excite a taste for natural and poetic beauty, every thing superfluous it has been a primary endeavour to avoid.

To those parents into whose hands this little volume may chance to fall, it is very respectfully inscribed : and very affectionately to that interesting little race—the race of children.

ORIGINAL POEMS.



A TRUE STORY.

LITTLE ANN and her mother were walking one day,
Through London's wide city so fair ;
And business obliged them to go by the way
That led them through Cavendish Square.

And as they pass'd by the great house of a lord,
A beautiful chariot there came,
To take some most elegant ladies abroad,
Who straitway got into the same.

The ladies in feathers and jewels were seen,
The chariot was painted all o'er,
The footmen behind were in silver and green,
And four horses gallop'd before.

Little Ann, by her mother, walk'd silent and sad,
A tear trickled down from her eye ;
'Till her mother said, " Ann, I should be very glad
" To know what it is makes thee cry."

Ah look ! said the child, at that carriage, mamma,
All cover'd with varnish and gold,
Those ladies are riding so charmingly there,
While we have to walk in the cold.

Thou say'st God is kind to the folks that are good,
But surely it cannot so be ;
Or else I am certain, almost, that he would
Give such a fine carriage to thee.

Look there, little girl, said her mother, and see
What stands at that very coach door,
A poor ragged beggar, and listen how she
A halfpenny stands to implore.

All pale is her face, and deep sunk is her eye,
Her hands look like skeleton's bones ;
She has got a few rags just about her to tie,
And her naked feet bleed on the stones.

Dear ladies, she cries, and the tears trickle down,
Relieve a poor beggar, I pray ;
I've wandered all hungry about this wide town,
And not eat a morsel to-day.

My father and mother are long ago dead,
My brother sails over the sea ;
And I've not a rag or a morsel of bread,
As plainly I'm sure you may see.

A fever I caught which was terribly bad
But no nurse or physic had I ;
An old dirty shed was the house that I had,
And only on straw could I lie.

And now that I'm better, yet feeble and faint,
And famish'd, and naked, and cold,

I wander about with my grievous complaint,
And seldom get aught but a scold.

Some will not attend to my pitiful call,
Some think me a vagabond cheat,
And scarcely a creature relieves me of all
The thousands that traverse the street.

Then ladies, dear ladies, your pity bestow ;—
Just then a tall footman came round,
And asking the ladies which way they would go,
The chariot turn'd off with a bound.

Ah! see little girl, then her mother replied,
How foolish it was to complain ;
If thou wouldst but have look'd at the contrary side,
Thy tears would have dried up again.

Thy house, and thy friends, and thy victuals and bed,
'Twas God in his mercy that gave ;
Thou didst not deserve to be cover'd and fed,
And yet all these blessings we have.

This poor little beggar is hungry and cold,
No father nor mother has she ;
And while thou canst daily such objects behold,
Thou ought quite contented to be.

A coach and a footman, and gaudy attire,
Can't give true delight to the breast ;
To be good is the thing thou shouldst chiefly desire,
And then leave to God all the rest.——A. T.



THE BIRD'S NEST

Now the sun rises bright and soars high in the air,
 The trees smile around us in green ;
 The sweet little birds to the meadows repair,
 And pick up the moss, and lamb's wool, and hair,
 To make their nests soft, warm, and clean.

High up in some tree, far away from the town,
 Where they think naughty boys cannot creep,
 They build it with twigs, and they line it with down,
 And lay their neat eggs, speckled over with brown,
 And sit till the little ones peep.

Then come, little boy, let us go the wood,
 And climb up the very tall tree
 And while the old birds are gone out to get food,
 We'll take down the nest, and the cheruping brood,
 And divide them betwixt thee and me.

But ah! don't thou think 'twould be wicked and bad,
 To take their poor nestlings away ;
 And after the toil and the trouble they've had,
 When they think themselves safe, and are singing so
 To spoil all their work for our play ? [glad,

Suppose that some monster, a dozen yards high,
 Should stalk up at night to thy bed ;

And out of the window along with thee fly,
And stop not to bid thy dear parents good bye,
Nor care for a word that thou said,

And take thee away, not a creature knows where,
And fasten thee down with a chain ;
And feed thee with victuals thou never could'st bear
And hardly allow thee to breathe the fresh air,
Or ever to come back again.

Oh ! how wouldst thou cry for thy dearest mamma,
And long to her bosom to run ?
And beat thy poor head at thy hard prison bar,
And hate the vile monster that took thee so far,
For nothing at all but his fun.

Then say, little boy, shall we climb the tall tree ?—
Ah ! no—but this lesson we'll learn,
That 'twould just as cruel and terrible be,
As if a great monster should take away thee,
Not ever again to return.

Then sleep little innocents, sleep in your nest,
We mean not to take you away ;
And when the next summer shall wear her green vest,
And the woods in a robe of rich foliage be drest,
Your songs shall our kindness repay.

When the spring shall return, to the woodlands we'll hie,
And sit by yon very tall tree ;
And rejoice, as we hear your sweet carols on high,
With silken wings soaring amid the blue sky,
That we left you to sing and be free.—A. T.

THE HAND POST.

THE night was dark, the sun was hid
 Beneath the mountain gray ;
And not a single star appear'd
 To shoot a silver ray

Across the heath the owlet flew,
 And scream'd along the blast,
And onward, with a quicken'd step,
 Benighted, Henry past.

At intervals, amid the gloom
 A flash of light'ning play'd,
And show'd the ruts with water fill'd,
 And the black hedge's shade.

Again, in thickest darkness plung'd,
 He group'd his way to find ;
And now he thought he spied beyond
 A form of horrid kind.

In deadly white it upwards rose,
 Of cloak or mantle bare,
And held its naked arms across,
 To catch him by the hair.

Poor Henry felt his blood run cold
 At what before him stood ;
But well, thought he, no harm, I'm sure,
 Can happen to the good.

So calling all his courage up,
 He to the goblin went ;
And eager through the dismal gloom,
 His piercing eyes he bent.

And when he came well nigh the ghost
That gave him such affright,
He clapt his hands upon his side,
And loudly laugh'd outright.

For 'twas a friendly hand-post stood
His wand'ring steps to guide;
And thus he found that to the good
No evil should betide.

And well, thought he, one thing I've learnt,
Nor soon shall I forget,
Whatever frightens me again,
To march straight up to it.

And when I hear an idle tale
Of goblins and a ghost,
I'll tell of this my lonely walk,
And the tall white Hand Post



SPRING.

Ah! see how the ices are melting away,
The rivers have burst from their chain;
The woods and the hedges with verdure look gay,
And daisies enamel the plain.

The sun rises high, and shines warm o'er the dale,
The orchards with blossoms are white;
The voice of the woodlark is heard in the vale,
And the cuckoo returns from her flight.

Young lambs sport and frisk on the sides of the hill,
The honey bee wakes from her sleep,

ORIGINAL POEMS.



SPRING. P. 12.



The turtle-dove opens her soft cooing bill,
And snow-drops and primroses peep.

All nature looks active delightful and gay,
The creatures begin their employ ;
Ah! let me not be less industrious than they,
An idle, or indolent boy.

Now, while in the spring of my vigour and bloom,
In the paths of fair learning I'll run ;
Nor let the best part of my being consume,
With nothing of consequence done.

Thus while to my lessons with care I attend,
And store up the knowledge I gain,
When the winter of age shall upon me descend,
'Twill cheer the dark season of pain.—A. T.



SUMMER.

THE heats of the summer come hastily on,
The fruits are transparent and clear ;
The buds and the blossoms of April are gone,
And the deep-colour'd cherries appear.

The blue sky above us is bright and serene,
No cloud on its bosom remains ;
The woods and the fields, and the hedges are green,
And the hay-cock smells sweet from the plains.

Down far in the valley where bubbles the spring,
Which soft through the meadow-land glides,
The lads from the mountain the heavy sheep bring,
And shear the warm coat from their sides.

Ah ! let me lie down in some shady retreat,
Beside the meandering stream,
For the sun darts abroad an unbearable heat,
And burns with his over-head beam.

There all the day idle my limbs I'll extend,
Fann'd soft to delicious repose ;
While round me a thousand sweet odours ascend,
From ev'ry gay wood-flow'r that blows.

But hark from the lowlands what sounds do I hear,
The voices of pleasure so gay ;
The merry young hay-makers cheerfully bear
The heat of the hot summer's day.

While some with bright scythe, singing shrill to the stones,
The tall grass and butter-weeds mow,
Some spread it with rakes, and by others 'tis thrown
Into sweet-smelling cocks in a row.

Then since joy and glee with activity join,
This moment to labour I'll rise ;
While the idle love best in the shade to recline,
And waste precious time as it flies.

To waste precious time we can never recall,
Is waste of the wickedest kind :
An instant of life has more value than all
The gold that in India they find.

Not d'monds that brilliantly beam in the mine,
For one moment's time should be giv'n ;
Nor gems can but make us look gaudy and fine,
But time can prepare us for heav'n.—A. T.



AUTUMN.

THE sun is far risen above the old trees,
His beams on the silver dew play ;
The gossamer tenderly waves in the breeze,
And the mists are fast rolling away.

Let us leave the warm bed, and the pillow of down,
The morning fair bids us arise,
Little boy, for the shadows of midnight are flown,
And sun-beams peep into our eyes.

We'll pass by the garden that leads to the gate,
But where is its gayety now ?
The Michaelmas daisy blows lonely and late,
And the yellow leaf whirls from the bough.

Last night the glad reapers their harvest-home sung
And stor'd the full garner with grain ;
Did you hear how the woods with their merry shouts rung
As they bore the last sheaf from the plain ?

But hark ! from the woodlands the sound of a gun,
The wounded bird flutters and dies :
Ah ! surely 'tis wicked, for nothing but fun,
To shoot the poor thing as it flies.

The timid hare, too, in affright and dismay,
Runs swift through the brushwood and grass ;
How she turns, how she winds, and she tries ev'ry way,
But the cruel dogs won't let her pass.

Ah ! poor little partridge, and pheasant, and hare,
I wish they would leave you to live ;
For my part, I wonder how people can bear
To see all the torment they give.

When Reynard at midnight steals down to the farm,
 And kills the poor chickens and cocks ;
 Then rise farmer Goodman, there can be no harm
 In chasing a thief of a fox.

But the innocent hare, and the pheasant so sleek,
 'Twere cruel and wicked to slay :
 The partridge with blood never redden'd her beak,
 Nor hares stole the poultry away.

If folks would but think of the torture they give,
 To creatures who cannot complain,
 I think they would let the poor animals live,
 Nor ever go shooting again.—A. T.



WINTER.

BEHOLD the gray branches that stretch from the trees,
 Nor blossom, nor verdure they wear !
 They rattle and shake to the northerly breeze,
 And wave their long arms in the air.

The sun hides his face in a mantle of cloud,
 Dark vapours roll over the sky ;
 The wind through the wood hollows hoarsely and loud,
 And sea-birds across the land fly.

Come in, little Charles, for the snow patters down,
 No paths in the garden remain ;
 The streets and the houses are white in the town,
 And white are the fields and the plain.

Come in, little Charles, from the tempest of snow,
 'Tis dark, and the shutters we'll close ;
 We'll put a fresh faggot to make the fire glow,
 Secure from the storm as it blows.



But how many wretches without house or home
 Are wandering naked and pale:
 Oblig'd on the snow-cover'd common to roam,
 And pierc'd by the pitiless gale;

No house for their shelter, no victuals to eat,
 No beds for their limbs to repose;
 Or a crust dry and mouldy, the best of their meat,
 And their pillow, a pillow of snows.

Be thankful, my child, that it is not thy lot,
 To wander an orphan and poor;
 A father, and mother, and home thou hast got,
 And yet thou deserv'd them no more.

Be thankful, my child, and forget not to pay
 Thy thanks to that Father above,
 Who gives thee so many more blessings than they,
 And crowns thy whole life with his love. —A. T.

TO A BUTTERFLY, ON GIVING IT LIBERTY.

Poor harmless insect, thither fly,
 And life's short hour enjoy:
 'Tis all thou hast, and why should I
 That little all destroy?

Why should my tyrant will suspend
 A life by wisdom giv'n?
 Or sooner bid thy being end,
 Than was design'd by Heaven?

Lost to the joys which reason knows,
 Ephemeron and frail,
 'Tis thine to wander where the rose
 Perfumes the cooling gale.

To bask upon the sunny bed,
 The damask flow'r to kiss,
 To range along the bending shade,
 Is all thy little bliss.

Then flutter still thy silken wings,
 In rich embroidery drest,
 And sport upon the gale that flings
 Sweet odours from his vest.



THE TEMPEST.

SEE the dark vapours cloud the sky,
 The thunder rumbles round and round :
 The lightning's flash begins to fly,
 Big drops of rain bedew the ground :
 The frighten'd birds, with ruffled wing,
 Fly through the air and cease to sing.

Now nearer rolls the mighty peal,
 Incessant thunder roars aloud ;
 Toss'd by the winds the tall oaks reel,
 The forked lightning breaks the cloud :
 Deep torrents drench the swimming plain,
 And sheets of fire descend with rain.

'Tis God who on the tempest rides,
 And with a word directs the storm ;

For at his nod the wind subsides,
 Or heaps of heavy vapours form.
 In fire and cloud He walks the sky,
 And lets his stores of tempest fly.

Then why with childish terror fear,
 What waits His will to do me harm?
 The bolt shall never venture near,
 Or give me cause for dire alarm,
 If He directs the fiery ball,
 And bid it not on me to fall.

Yet though beneath His power divine,
 I wait, depending on his care,
 Each right endeavour shall be mine,
 Of ev'ry danger I'll beware,
 Far from the metal bell-wire stand,
 Nor on the door-lock put my hand.

When caught amidst the open field,
 I'll not seek shelter from a tree;
 Though from the falling rain a shield,
 More dreadful might the light'ning be;
 Its tallest boughs might draw the fire,
 And I, with sudden stroke, expire.

Thus while with lawful care I try,
 To shun each dangerous thing and place,
 I'll lift to God my pray'rful eye,
 And beg protection from his grace.
 If spar'd to Him the praise I'll give,
 Or if I die, in heav'n shall live.—A. T.



THE CHURCH-YARD.

THE moon rises bright in the east,
 The stars with pure brilliancy shine ;
 The songs of the woodlands have ceas'd,
 And still is the low of the kine.
 The men from their work on the hill,
 Trudge homeward with pitchfork and flail,
 The buz of the hamlet is still,
 And the bat flaps his wings in the gale.

And see from those darkly green trees,
 Of cypress, and holly, and yew,
 That wave their black arms in the breeze,
 The old village church is in view.
 The owl from her ivy'd retreat,
 Screams hoarse to the winds of the night :
 And the clock, with its solemn repeat,
 Has toll'd the departure of light.

My child, let us wander alone,
When half the wide world is in bed,
And read o'er the mouldering stone,
That tells of the mouldering dead;
And let us remember it well,
That we must as certainly die,
For us too may toll the sad bell,
And in the cold earth we must lie.

Thou art not so healthy and gay,
So young, so active and bright,
That death cannot snatch thee away,
Or some dreadful accident smite.
Here lie both the young and the old,
Confin'd in the coffin so small,
And the earth closes over them cold,
And the grave-worm devours them all.

In vain were the beauty and bloom
That once o'er their bodies were spread;
Now still, in the desolate tomb,
Each rests his inanimate head.
Their hands, once so active for play,
Their lips which so merrily sung,
Now senseless and motionless lay,
And stiff is the chattering tongue.

Then seek not, my child, as the best,
Those things which so shortly must fade;
Let piety dwell in thy breast,
And all of thine actions pervade.
And then, when beneath the green sod
This active young body shall lie,
Thy soul shall ascend to its God,
To live with the blest in the sky.—A. T.

MORNING.

AWAKE, little girl, it is time to arise,
Come shake drowsy sleep from thy eye;
The lark is loud warbling his notes in the skies,
And the sun is far mounted on high.

O come, for the fields with gay flowers o'erflow,¹
The dew-drop is trembling still,
The lowing herds graze in the pastures below,
And the sheep-bell is heard from the hill.

O come, for the bee has flown out of his bed,
To begin his day's labours anew;
The spider is weaving her delicate thread,
Which brilliantly glitters with dew.

O come, for the ant has crept out of her cell,
Her daily employment to seek;
She knows the true value of moments too well
To waste them in indolent sleep.

Awake, little sleeper, and do not despise
Of insects instruction to ask,
From thy pillow with good resolution arise,
And cheerfully go to thy task.—J. T.

EVENING.

LITTLE GIRL, it is time to retire to thy rest,
The sheep are put into the fold,
The linnets forsakes us and flies to her nest,
To shelter her young from the cold.

The owl has flown out from his lonely retreat
And screams through the tall shady trees;

The nightingale takes on the hawthorn her seat,
And sings to the evening breeze.

The sun, too, now seems to have finish'd his race,
And sinks once again to his rest ;
But though we no longer can see his bright face,
He leaves a gold streak in the west.

Little girl, hast thou finish'd thy daily employ,
With industry, patience and care ?
If so, lay thy head on thy pillow with joy,
No thorn to disturb shall be there.

The moon through thy curtains shall cheerfully peep
Her silver beam dance on thy eyes ;
And mild evening breezes shall fan thee to sleep,
Till the bright morn bids thee arise.—J. T.

THE IDLE BOY.

THOMAS was an idle lad,
And loung'd about all day ;
And though he many a lesson had,
He minded nought but play.

He only car'd for top or ball,
Or marbles, hoop or kite :
But as for learning, that was all
Neglected by him quite.

In vain his mother's kind advice
In vain his master's care,
He follow'd ev'ry idle vice,
And learnt to curse and swear !

And think you, when he grew a man,
He prosper'd in his ways ?

No; wicked courses never can
Bring good and happy days.

Without a shilling in his purse,
Or cot to call his own,
Poor Thomas grew from bad to worse,
And harden'd as a stone.

And oh, it grieves me much to write
His melancholy end,
Then let us leave the dreadful sight,
And thoughts of pity send.

But may we this important truth
Observe and ever hold,
"All those who're idle in their youth,
Will suffer when they're old."——J. T.

THE INDUSTRIOUS BOY.

In a cottage upon the heath wild,
That always was cleanly and nice,
Liv'd William, a good little child,
Who minded his parents' advice.

'Tis true he lov'd marbles and kite,
And spin-top, and nine-pins, and ball,
But this I declare with delight,
His book he lov'd better than all.

In active and useful employ
His youth gaily glided away;
While rational pleasures and joy
Attended his steps every day

And now let us see him grown up,
Still cheerfulness dwelt in his mind,
Contentment yet sweeten'd his cup,
For still he was active and kind.

His wife for gay riches ne'er sigh'd,
No princess so happy as she:
While William would sit by her side,
With a sweet smiling babe on his knee.

His garden well loaded with store,
His cot by the side of the green,
Where woodbines crept over the door,
And jessamines peep'd in between.

These fill'd him with honest delight,
And rewarded him well for his toil:
He went to bed cheerful at night,
And woke in the morn with a smile.

Nor knew he the feelings of dread,
When infirmity brought him to die;
While his grandchildren knelt round his bed,
And his dutiful sons clos'd his eye.

O then may I diligent be,
And as active as ever I can,
That I may be happy and free,
Like him, when I grow up a man!—J. T.

THE LITTLE FISHERMAN.

THERE was a little fellow once,
And Harry was his name,
And many a naughty trick had he;
I tell it to his shame;

He minded not his friends' advice,
But follow'd his own wishes ;
And one most cruel trick of his,
Was that of catching fishes.

His father had a little pond,
Where often Harry went,
And in this most inhuman sport,
He many an evening spent.

One day he took his hook and bait,
And hurry'd to the pond,
And there began the cruel game,
Of which he was so fond.

And many a little fish he caught,
And pleas'd was he to look,
To see them writhe in agony,
And struggle on the hook.

At last when having caught enough,
And tired too himself,
He hasten'd home, intending there
To put them on a shelf.

But as he jump'd to reach a dish
To put his fishes in,
A sharp meat-hook, that hung close by,
Did catch him by the chin.

Poor Harry kick'd, and and call'd aloud,
And scream'd, and cry'd, and roar'd,
While from his wound the crimson blood
In dreadful torrents pour'd.

The maids came running, frighten'd much
To see him hanging there,

And soon they took him from the hook,
And sat him in a chair.

The surgeon came and stopp'd the blood,
And up he bound his head ;
And then they carry'd him up stairs,
And laid him on his bed.

Conviction darted on his mind,
As groaning there he lay ;
He with remorse and horror thought
Upon his cruel play.

“ And oh,” said he, “ poor little fish,
What tortures they have borne ;
While I, well pleas'd, have stood to see
Their tender bodies torn !

“ O, what a wicked boy I've been,
Such torments to bestow ;
Well I deserve the pain I feel,
Since I could serve them so !

“ But now I know how great the smart,
How terrible the pain !
As long as I can feel myself,
I'll never fish again.”

OLD AGE.

Who is this that comes tott'ring along ?
His footsteps are feeble and slow,
His beard is grown curling and long,
And his head turn'd white as the snow.



His dim eye is sunk in his head,
 And wrinkles deep furrow his brow ;
 Animation and vigour are fled,
 And yield to infirmity now.

Little strangers, his name is Old Age,
 His journey will shortly be o'er,
 He soon will leave life's busy stage,
 To be torn by affliction no more.

Little strangers ! though healthy and strong
 You now all adversity brave,
 Like him you must totter ere long,
 Like him you must sink to the grave.

Those limbs that so actively play,
 That face beaming pleasure and mirth,
 Like his must drop into decay,
 And moulder away in the earth.

Then ere that dark season of night
 When youth and its energies cease,
 O ! follow with zeal and delight,
 Those paths that are pleasure and peace.

So triumph and hope shall be nigh,
 When failing and fainting your breath
 'Twil light a bright spark in your eye,
 As it closes for ever in death.



THE APPLE TREE.

OLD John had an apple-tree, healthy and green,
 Which bore the best codlins that ever was seen,
 So juicy, so mellow, and red ;
 And when they were ripe, as old Johnny was poor,
 He sold them to children that passed by his door,
 To buy him a morsel of bread.

Little Dick, his next neighbour, one often might see,
 With longing eye viewing this nice apple-tree,
 And wishing a codlin would fall ;
 One day, as he stood in the heat of the sun,
 He began thinking whether he might not take one,
 And then he look'd over the wall.

And as he again cast his eye on the tree,
 He said to himself, "O, how nice they would be,
 So cool and refreshing to-day !
 The tree is so full, and I'd only take one,
 And old John won't see, for he is not at home,
 And nobody is in the way."

But stop, little boy, take thy hand from the bough,
 Remember, though old John can't see you just now
 And no one to chide thee is nigh,
 There is ONE, who by night just as well as by day,
 Can see all you do, and can hear all you say,
 From his glorious throne in the sky.

Oh then little boy, come away from the tree,
 Content, hot or weary, or thirsty to be,
 Or any thing rather than steal!
 For the great God who even through darkness can look,
 Writes down ev'ry crime we commit in his book,
 However we think to conceal.—J. T.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

IN tears to her mother poor Harriet came,
 Let us listen to hear what she says :
 “ Oh see, dear mamma, it is pouring with rain,
 We cannot go out in the chaise.

“ All the week have I long'd for the journey, you know,
 And fancy'd the minutes were hours,
 And now that I'm dress'd and all ready to go,
 O see, dear mamma, how it pours.”

I'm sorry, my dear, her good mother reply'd,
 The rain won't permit us to go,
 And I'm sorry to see, for the sake of a ride,
 That you cry and distress yourself so.

These slight disappointments and crosses you hate,
 Are sent you your mind to prepare ;
 That you may with courage and fortitude wait
 More serious distresses to bear

Oh think not, my child, as you grow up in life,
That pleasures unceasing will flow :
Disappointment, and trouble, and sorrow, and strife,
Will follow wherever you go.

Tho' now the bright prospect seems opening fair,
And hope paints a scene of delight,
Too soon you will see it all vanish in air,
And leave you in darkness and night.

Ah then, my dear girl, when those sorrows appear,
And troubles flow in like a tide,
You'll wonder that ever you wasted a tear
On merely the loss of a ride.

But tho' this world's pleasures are fading and vain,
Religion is lasting and true ;
Real pleasure and joy in her paths you may gain,
Nor will disappointment ensue.—J. T.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

UPON a mountain's grassy side,
Where many a tall fir grew,
Young Colin wander'd with his flocks,
And many a hardship knew.

No downy pillow for his head,
No shelter'd home had he,
The green grass was his only bed,
Beneath some shady tree.

Dry bread, and water from the spring,
Compos'd his temp'rate fare ;

Yet Colin ate with thankful heart,
Nor felt a murmur there.

A cheerful smile upon his face
Was ever seen to play,
He envy'd not the rich or great
More happy far than they.

While'neath some spreading shade he sat,
Beside his fleecy flocks,
His soft pipe warbled through the wood,
And echo'd from the rocks.

An ancient castle on the plain,
In silent grandeur stood,
And there the young lord Henry dwelt;
The proud, but not the good.

And oft he wander'd o'er the plain,
Or on the mountain's side,
And with surprise and envy too
The humble Colin ey'd.

'And why," said he, "am I deny'd
That cheerfulness and joy,
That ever smiles upon the face
Of this poor shepherd boy?

Nor titles, honours, or estates,
Or wealth, or power has he;
And yet, though destitute and poor,
He seems more blest than me!"

For this lord Henry did not know,
That pleasure ne'er is found,
Where angry passions reign and rule,
And evil deeds abound.

Colin, though poor, was humble too,
 Benevolent and kind:
 While passion, anger, rage, and pride,
 Disturb'd lord Henry's mind.

Thus Colin, though a shepherd boy,
 Was ever glad and gay,
 And Henry, though a noble lord,
 To discontent a prey.—J. T.



THE ROBIN.

Away, pretty Robin, fly home to thy nest,
 To make thee my captive I still should like best,
 And feed thee with worms and with bread:
 Thy eyes are so sparkling, thy feathers so soft,
 Thy little wings flutter so pretty aloft,
 And thy breast is all colour'd with red.

But then, 'twould be cruel to keep thee, I know,
 So stretch out thy wings, little Robin, and go,
 Fly home to thy young ones again;
 Go, listen again to the notes of your mate;
 And enjoy the green shade in your lonely retreat,
 Secure from the wind and the rain.

But when the leaves fall, and the winter winds blow,
 And the green fields are cover'd all over with snow,
 And the clouds in white feathers descend ;
 When the springs are all ice, and the rivulets freeze,
 And the long shining icicles drop from the trees,
 Then, Robin, remember your friend.

When with cold and with hunger quite perish'd and weak,
 Come tap at my window again with your beak,
 And gladly I'll let thee come in ;
 Thou shalt fly to my bosom, or perch on my thumbs,
 Or hop round the table, and pick up the crumbs,
 And never be hungry again.—J. T.

JAMES AND THE SHOULDER OF MUTTON.

YOUNG Jem at noon return'd from school,
 As hungry as could be,
 He cry'd to Sue, the servant maid,
 My dinner give to me.

Said Sue, it is not yet come home,
 Besides it is not late :
 No matter that, cries little Jem,
 I do not like to wait.

Quick to the baker's Jemmy went,
 And ask'd, "Is dinner done?"
 'It is,' reply'd the baker's man,
 "Then home I'll with it run."

'Nay, sir,' reply'd he prudently,
 'I tell you 'tis too hot,
 'And much too heavy 'tis for you ;'
 "I tell you it is not."

“Papa, mamma, are both gone out,
 And I for dinner long ;
 So give it me : It is all mine,
 And, baker, hold your tongue !

“A shoulder ’tis of mutton nice !
 And batter-pudding too ;
 I’m glad of that, it is so good :
 How clever is our Sue !”

Now near his door young Jem was come,
 He round the corner turn’d ;
 But O, sad fate, unlucky chance !
 The dish his fingers burn’d.

Low in the kennel down fell dish,
 And down fell all the meat ;
 Swift went the pudding in the stream,
 And sailed down the street.

The people laugh’d, and rude boys grinn’d,
 At mutton’s hapless fall ;
 But though asham’d, young Jemmy cry’d,
 “ Better lose part than all !”

The shoulder by the knuckle seiz’d,
 His hands both grasp’d it fast,
 And, deaf to all their gibes and cries,
 He gain’d his house at last.

“ Impatience is a fault,” says Jem,
 “ The baker said too true :
 In future I will patient be,
 And mind what says our Sue.”——ADELAIDE.

FALSE ALARMS

LITTLE MARY one day most loudly did call ;

“Mamma! O mamma, pray come here!

A fall I have had ; oh, a very sad fall.”

Mamma run in haste and in fear ;

Then Mary jump'd up, and she laugh'd in great glee,

“And cry'd, why how fast you can run!

No harm has befall'n, I assure you to me,

My screaming was only in fun.

Her mother was busy at work the next day,

She heard from without, a loud cry ;

“The big dog has got me! O help me! O pray!

He tears me—he bites me—I die!”

Mamma, all in terror, quick to the court flew,

And there little Mary she found ,

Who laughing, said “Madam, pray how do you do!”

And court'sy'd quite down to the ground.

That night little Mary, when long gone to bed,

Shrill cries, and loud shriekings were heard ;

“I'm on fire, O mamma! come up or I'm dead!”

Mamma she believ'd not a word.

“Sleep, sleep, naughty child,” she call'd out from below

“How often have I been deceiv'd!

You're telling a story you very well know :

Go to sleep, for you can't be believ'd.”

Yet still the child scream'd ; now the house fill'd with

That fire is above, Jane declares, [smoke,

Alas! Mary's words they soon found were no joke,

When ev'ry one hasten'd up stairs.

All burnt and all seam'd is her once pretty face,

And terribly mark'd are her arms ;

Her features all scarr'd, leaving a lasting disgrace

For giving mamma false alarms.—ADELAIDE.

THE CHILD'S MONITOR.

THE wind blows down the largest tree,
 And yet the wind I cannot see.
 Playmates far off, that have been kind,
 My thoughts can bring before my mind.
 The past by it is present brought,
 And yet I cannot see my thought.
 The charming rose perfumes the air,
 Yet I can see no perfumes there.
 Blythe Robin's notes—how sweet, how clear .
 From his small bill they reach my ear ;
 And whilst upon the air they float,
 I hear, yet cannot see a note.
 When I would do what is forbid,
 By something in my heart I'm chid ;
 When good I think, then quick and pat,
 That something says, " My child, do that."
 When I too near the stream would go,
 So pleas'd to see the waters flow,
 That something says, without a sound,
 " Take care, dear child, you may be drown'd."
 And for the poor whene'er I grieve,
 That something, says " A penny give.
 Thus Spirits good and ill there be,
 Although invisible to me ,
 Whate'er I do, they see me still,
 But O, good Spirits, guide my will !——ADELAIDE.

 THE BUTTERFLY.

THE Butterfly, an idle thing,
 Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,
 Like to the bee and bird ;

Nor does it like the prudent ant,
Lay up the grain for times of want,
A wise and cautious hoard.

My youth is but a summer's day,
Then, like the bee and ant, I'll lay
A store of learning by;
And though from flower to flower I rove,
My stock of wisdom I'll improve,
Nor be a butterfly.—ADELAIDE.

THE BOYS AND THE APPLE-TREE.

As Billy and Tommy were walking one day,
They came by a fine orchard side;
They'd rather eat apples than spell, read or play,
And Tommy to Billy then cry'd;

“Oh brother, look! see! what fine clusters hang there,
I'll jump and climb over the wall;
I will have an apple: I will have a pear,
Or else it shall cost me a fall.”

Said Billy to Tommy, “To steal is a sin,
Mamma has oft told this to thee;
I never yet stole, nor now will begin;
So, red apples, hang on the tree.”

“You are a good boy, as you ever have been,”
Said Tommy, “let's walk on my lad;
We'll call on our school-fellow, little Bob Green,
And to see us I know he'll be glad.”

They came to a house, and they rang at the gate,
And ask'd, “Pray is Bobby at home?”
But Bobby's good manners did not let them wait;
He out of the parlour did come.

Bob smil'd, and he laugh'd, and he caper'd with joy,
His little companions to view—

“We call'd in to see you,” said each little boy ;
Said Bobby, “I'm glad to see you.”

“Come walk in our garden, so large and so fine ;
You shall, for my father gives leave :
And more, he insists that you stay here to dine ,
A rare jolly day we shall have !”

But when in the garden they found 'twas the same
They saw as they walk'd in the road ;
And near the high wall, when these little boys came,
They started as if from a toad.

“That large ring of iron, which lies on the ground,
With terrible teeth like a saw,”
Said Bobby, “the guard of our garden is found ;
It keeps wicked robbers in awe.

“The warning without, if they should set at nought,
This trap tears their legs ; O so sad !”
Said Billy to Tommy, “So you'd have been caught,
A narrow escape you have had.”

Cry'd Tommy, “I'll mind what my good mamma says,
And take the advice of a friend ;
I never will steal to the end of my days,
I've been a bad boy, but I'll mend.”——ADELAIDE.

THE WOODEN DOLL AND THE WAX DOLL.

THERE were two friends, a charming little pair !
Brunette the brown, and Blanchidine the fair ;
This child to love Brunette did still incline,
And much Brunette lov'd sweet Blanchidine.

Brunette in dress was neat, yet wond'rous plain,
But Blanchidine of finery was vain.

Now Blanchidine a new acquaintance made,
A little miss, most splendidly array'd:
Feathers and laces beauteous to behold,
And India frock, with spots of shining gold.
Said Blanchidine, a miss so richly dress'd,
Most sure deserves by all to be caress'd;
To play with me if she will condescend,
Henceforward she shall be my only friend.
For this new miss, so dress'd and so adorn'd,
Her poor Brunette was slighted, left, and scorn'd.

Of Blanchidine's vast stock of pretty toys,
A wooden Doll her ev'ry thought employs;
Its neck so white, so smooth, its cheeks so red,
She'd kiss, she'd hug, she'd take it to her bed.

Mamma now brought her home a Doll of wax,
Its hair in ringlets white and soft as flax;
Its eyes could open, and its eyes could shut,
And on it with much taste its clothes were put.
"My dear wax doll," sweet Blanchidine would cry;
Her doll of wood was thrown neglected by.

One summer's day, 'twas in the month of June,
The sun blaz'd out in all the heat of noon:
"My waxen doll," she cry'd, "my dear! my charm:
You feel quite cold, but you shall soon be warm."
She plac'd it in the sun—misfortune dire!
The wax ran down as if before the fire!
Each beauteous feature quickly disappear'd,
And melting left a blank all soil'd and smear'd.

She star'd, she scream'd with horror and dismay
"You odious fright," she then was heard to say;

"For you my silly heart I have estrang'd,
 From my sweet wooden doll that never chang'd.
 Just so may change my new acquaintance fine,
 For whom I left Brunette, that friend of mine.
 No more by outside show will I be lur'd,
 Of such capricious whims I think I'm cur'd :
 To plain old friends my heart shall still be true,
 Nor change for ev'ry face because 'tis new."
 Her slighted wooden doll resum'd its charms,
 And wrong'd Brunette she clasp'd within her arms.

ADELAIDE.

THE CUCKOO AND THE REDBREAST.

The Cuckoo sings nobly on the tree,
 In strength of voice excelling me,
 Whilst leaves and fruits are on.
 Think how poor Robin sings for you,
 When nature's beauties bid adieu,
 And leaves and fruits are gone.
 Ah, then, to me some crumbs of bread, O fling!
 And through the year my grateful thanks I'll sing

When winter's winds blow loud and rude,
 And birds retire in sullen mood,
 And snow makes white the ground ;
 I sing, your drooping hearts to charm,
 And sure that you'll not do me harm,
 I hop your window round.
 Ah, then, to me some crumbs of bread, O fling!
 And through the year my grateful thanks I'll sing.

Since, friends, in you I put my trust,
 As you enjoy you should be just ;
 And for your music pay ;
 And when I find a trav'ler dead,

My bill with leaves the corpse shall spread,
 And sing his passing lay.

Ah, then, to me some crumbs of bread, O fling!
 And through the year my grateful thanks I'll sing.

ADELAIDE.



IDLE DICKY AND THE GOAT.

JOHN BROWN is a man without houses or lands,
 Himself he supports by the work of his hands ;
 He brings home his wages each Saturday night,
 To his wife and his children, a very good sight.

His eldest boy, Dicky, on errands when sent,
 To loiter and chatter was very much bent ;
 The neighbours all call'd him an odd little trout,
 His shoes they were broke, and his toes they peep'd out.

To see such old shoes all their sorrows were rife ;
 John Brown he much griev'd and so did his wife.
 He kiss'd his boy Dicky and strok'd his white head,
 "You shall have a new pair, my dear boy," he then said,
 "I've here twenty shillings, and money has wings ;
 Go, first, get the note changed, I want other things."

Now here comes the mischief:—this Dicky would stop
 At an ill-looking, mean-looking, green grocer's shop.
 For there liv'd a chattering dunce of a boy ;
 To prate with this urchin gave Dicky great joy.

And now in his boasting, he shows him his note,
 And now to the green-stall up marches a goat,
 They laugh'd, for it was this young nanny-goat's way.
 With those that pass'd by her to gambol and play .
 All three they went on in their frolicsome bouts,
 Till Dick dropt the note on a bunch of green sprouts.

Now, what was Dick's wonder ! to see the vile goat,
 In munching the green sprouts, eat up his bank note !
 He crying ran back to John Brown with the news ;
 By stopping to idle, he lost his new shoes.—ADELAIDE.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THY plaintive notes' sweet Philomel,
 All other melodies excel !
 Deep in the grove retired,
 Thou seem'st thyself and song to hide,
 Nor dost thou boast, or plume with pride,
 Nor wish to be admired.

So, if endued with power and grace,
 And with that power my will keep pace,
 To act a gen'rous part ;
 Hence—paltry ostentatious show !
 Nor let my lib'ral action know,
 A witness but my heart.——ADELAIDE.

NEVER PLAY WITH FIRE.

My prayers I said, I went to bed,
And soon I fell asleep ;
But soon I woke, my sleep was broke,
I through my curtains peep.

I heard a noise of men and boys,
The watchman's rattle, too ;
And fire they cry—and then cried I,
“ Oh dear, what shall I do ? ”

A shout so loud, came from the crowd,
Around, above, below—
And in the street the neighbours meet
Who would the matter know

Now down the stairs run threes and pairs,
Enough to break their bones,
The firemen swear, the engines tear
And thunder o'er the stones.

The roof and wall, and stairs and all,
And rafters tumble in,
Red flames and blaze now all amaze,
And make a dreadful din !

And horrid screams, when bricks and beams
Come tumbling on their heads ;
And some are smash'd, and some are dash'd,
Some leap on feather beds.

Some burn, some choke, with fire and smoke !
And oh, what was the cause ?
My heart's dismay'd, last night I play'd
With Tommy, lighting straws !——ADELAIDE.



THE LARK.

FROM his humble grassy bed,
 See the warbling lark arise!
 By his grateful wishes led,
 Through those regions of the skies.

Songs of thanks and praise he pours,
 Harmonizing airy space,
 Sings, and mounts, and higher soars,
 'Towards the zone of heav'nly grace.

Small his gifts compar'd to mine,
 Poor my thanks with his compar'd:
 I've a soul almost divine;—
 Angels' blessings with me shared.

'Wake, my soul! to praise aspire,
 Reason, every sense accord,
 Join in pure seraphic fire.
 Love, and thank, and praise the Lord.—ADELAIDE.

THE TRUANT BOYS.

THE month was April, and the morning cool,
When Hal and Ned,
To walk together to the neighbouring school,
Rose early from their bed ;

When reach'd the school, Hal said, " Why con your task
Demure and prim ?
Ere we go in, let me one question ask ;
Ned, shall we go and swim ? "

Fearless of future punishment or blame,
Away they hied,
Through many verdant fields, until they came
Unto the river side.

The broad stream narrow'd in its onward course,
And deep and still,
It silent ran, and yet with rapid force,
To turn a neighb'ring mill.

Under the mill an arch gaped wide, and seem'd
The jaws of death !
Through this the smooth deceitful waters teem'd,
On dreadful wheels beneath.

They swim the river wide, nor think nor care :
The waters flow ;
And by the current strong they carried are
Into the mill-stream now.

Through the swift waters, as young Ned was roll'd,
The gulf when near,
On a kind brier by chance he laid fast hold,
And stopp'd his dread career.

But luckless Hal was by the mill-wheel torn,
 A warning sad!
 And the untimely death, all friends now mourn,
 Of this poor truant lad!—ADELAIDE.



GEORGE AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

His petticoats now George cast off,
 For he was four years old;
 His trowsers were nankeen so fine,
 His buttons bright as gold—
 “May I,” said little George, go out
 My pretty clothes to show?
 May I, papa,—May I, mamma?”—
 The answer was, “No, no.”

“Go run below, George, in the court,
 But go not in the street,
 Lest naughty boys should play some trick,
 Or gypsies should you meet.”
 Yet, though forbad, George went unseen,
 The little boys to see,
 And all admir’d him when he lisp’d—
 “Now who so fine as me?”

But whilst he strutted to and fro,
 So proud, as I’ve heard tell,
 A sweep-boy pass’d, whom to avoid
 He slipp’d, and down he fell.
 The sooty lad was kind and good,
 To Georgy boy he ran,
 He raised him up, and kissing said,
 “Hush, hush, my little man!”

He rubbed and wip'd his clothes with care
 And hugging, said, don't cry!—
 "Go home as quick as you can go!
 Sweet little boy, good bye."
 Poor George look'd down, and lo! his dress
 Was blacker than before;
 All over soot, and mud, and dirt,
 He reach'd his father's door.

He sobb'd, and wept, and look'd asham'd,
 His fault he did not hide;
 And since so sorry for his fault,
 Mamma she did not chide.
 That night when he was gone to bed,
 He jump'd up in his sleep,
 And cry'd, and sobb'd, and cry'd again,
 "I thought I saw the sweep!"—ADELAIDE.

SOPHIA'S FOOLSCAP.

SOPHIA was a little child,
 Obliging, good, and very mild,
 Yet, lest of dress she should be vain,
 Mamma still dress'd her well but plain—
 Her parents, sensible and kind,
 Wish'd only to adorn her mind;
 No other dress, when good, had she,
 But useful, neat simplicity.

Though seldom, yet when she was rude,
 Or ever in a naughty mood,
 Her punishment was this disgrace,
 A large fine cap adorn'd with lace,
 With feathers and with ribands too;
 The work was neat, the fashion new!

Yet as a fool's-cap was its name,
She dreaded much to wear the same.

A lady, fashionably gay,
Did to mamma a visit pay.
Sophia star'd, then whip'ring said,
"Why, dear mamma, look at her head!
To be so tall and wicked too,
The strangest thing I ever knew;
What naughty tricks, pray, has she done,
That they have put that fools-cap on?"—ADELAIDE.

WASHING AND DRESSING.

AH! why will my dear little girl be so cross,
And cry, and look sulky and pout?
To lose her sweet smile is a terrible loss,
I can't even kiss her without.

You say you don't like to be wash'd and be drest,
But would you be dirty and foul?
Come, drive that long sob from your dear little breast,
And clear your sweet face from its scowl.

If the water is cold, and the comb hurts your head,
And the soap has got into your eye,
Will the water grow warmer for all that you've said,
And what good will it do you to cry?

It is not to tease you, and hurt you, my sweet,
But only for kindness and care,
That I wash you and dress you, and make you look neat,
And comb out your tanglesome hair.

I don't mind the trouble, if you would not cry,
 But pay me for all with a kiss ;
 That's right, take the towel and wipe your wet eye,
 I thought you'd be good after this.—ANN.

THE PLUM CAKE.

“OH I've got a plum cake, and a rare feast I'll make,
 I'll eat, and I'll stuff, and I'll cram :
 Morning, noontime, and night, it shall be my delight ;
 What a happy young fellow I am.”

Thus said little George, and beginning to gorge,
 With zeal to his cake he apply'd ; [plums,
 While fingers and thumbs, for the sweatmeats and
 Were hunting and digging beside.

But woeful to tell, a misfortune befel,
 Which ruin'd this capital fun ;
 After eating his fill, he was taken so ill,
 That he trembled for what he had done.

As he grew worse and worse, the doctor and nurse,
 To cure his disorder were sent :
 And rightly, you'll think, he had physic to drink,
 Which made him his folly repent.

And while on his bed he roll'd his hot head,
 Impatient with sickness and pain ;
 He could not but take this reproof from his cake,
 “Don't be such a glutton again.”—ANN.

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ORIGINAL POEMS.



NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL. P. 53.

ANOTHER PLUM CAKE.

“OH! I’ve got a plum cake, and a feast let us make,
Come, school-fellows, come at my call ;
I assure you ’tis nice, and we’ll each have a slice,
Here’s more than enough for us all.”

Thus said little Jack, as he gave it a smack,
And sharpen’d his knife for the job !
While round him a troop, form’d a clamorous group,
And hail’d him the king of the mob.

With masterly strength he cut through it at length,
And gave to each playmate a share :
Dick, William, and James, and many more names,
Partook his benevolent care.

And when it was done, and they’d finish’d their fun,
To marbles or hoop they went back,
And each little boy felt it always a joy,
To do a good turn for good Jack.

In his task and his book, his best pleasures he took,
And as he thus wisely began,
Since he’s been a man grown, he has constantly shown,
That a good boy will make a good man.—ANN.

FOR A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL.

My sweet little girl should be cheerful and mild,
And should not be fretful and cry ;
Oh, why is this passion ? remember, my child,
God sees you who lives in the sky.

That dear little face, which I like so to kiss,
 How frightful and sad it appears !
 Do you think I can love you, so naughty as this,
 Or kiss you all wetted with tears ?

Remember, though God is in heaven, my love,
 He sees you within and without,
 And always looks down from his glory above,
 To notice what you are about.

If I am not with you, or if it be dark,
 And nobody is in the way,
 His eye is as able your doings to mark,
 In the night as it is in the day.

Then dry up your tears, and look smiling again,
 And never do things that are wrong,
 For I'm sure you must feel it a terrible pain,
 To be naughty, and crying so long

We'll pray then that God may your passion forgive,
 And teach you from evil to fly ;
 And then you'll be happy as long as you live
 And happy whenever you die —ANN.

HONEST OLD TRAY.

OH ! don't hurt the dog, poor honest old Tray ;
 What good will it do thee to drive him away ?
 Kind usage is justly his right ;
 Remember how faithful he is to his charge,
 And barks at the rogues when we set him at large,
 And guards us by day and by night.



Though thou, by and by, will grow up to a man,
 And Tray is a dog, let him grow as he can,
 Remember, my good little lad,
 A dog that is honest, and faithful, and mild,
 Is not only better than is a bad child,
 But better than men that are bad.

If thou art a boy, and Tray is but a beast,
 I think it should teach thee one lesson at least,
 Thou ought to act better than he;
 And if without reason, or judgment, or sense,
 Tray does as we bid him, and gives no offence,
 How diligent Richard should be!

If I do but just whistle, as oft thou hast seen,
 He seems to say, "Master, what is it you mean?
 My courage aud duty are tried."
 And see when I throw my hat over the pale,
 He fetches it back and comes wagging his tail,
 And lays it down close by my side.

Then honest old tray, let him sleep at his ease,
 While thou from him learn to endeavour to please,
 And obey me with spirit and joy;
 Or else we shall find (what would grieve me to say)

That Richard's no better than honest old Tray!
And a brute has more sense than a boy!—ANN.

TO A LITTLE GIRL THAT HAS TOLD A LIE.

AND has my darling told a lie!
Did she forget that God was by?
That God who saw the things she did,
From whom no action can be hid;
Did she forget that God could see,
And hear, wherever she might be?

He made thy eyes and can discern,
Which ever way thou thinkst to turn;
He made thy ears, and he can hear,
When thou think'st nobody is near;
In every place, by night or day,
He watches all thou do'st and say.

Thou thought, because thou wast alone,
Thy falsehood never could be known,
But liars always are found out,
Whatever ways they wind about;
And always be afraid, my dear,
To tell a lie, for God can hear.

I wish my dears, you'd always try,
To act as shall not need a lie;
And when you wish a thing to do,
That has been once forbidden you,
Remember that, nor ever dare
To disobey—for God is there.

Why should you fear to tell me true?
Confess, and then I'll pardon you:
Tell me you're sorry and will try
To act the better by and by

And then, whate'er your crime has been,
It won't be half so great a sin.

But cheerful, innocent, and gay,
As passes by the smiling day,
You'll never have to turn aside,
From any one your faults to hide:
Nor heave a sigh, nor have a fear,
That either God, or I should hear.—ANN.

THE TWO GARDENS.

WHEN Harry and Dick had been striving to please,
Their father (to whom it was known)
Made two little gardens and stock'd them with trees,
And gave one to each for his own.

Harry thank'd his papa, and with rake, hoe, and spade,
Directly began his employ:
And soon such a neat little garden was made,
That he panted with labour and joy.

There was always some bed or some border to mend,
Or something to tie or to stick;
And Harry rose early his garden to tend,
While snoring lay indolent Dick.

The tulip, the rose, and the lily so white,
United their beautiful bloom;
And often the honey-bee stopp'd from his flight.
To sip the delicious perfume.

A neat row of peas in full blossom were seen,
French beans were beginning to shoot;

And his gooseb'ries and currants, though yet they were
 green,
 Foretold him a plenty of fruit.

But Richard lov'd better in bed to repose,
 And snug as he curl'd himself round,
 Forgot that no tulip, nor lily, nor rose,
 Nor plant in his garden was found.

Rank weeds and tall nettles disfigur'd his beds,
 Nor cabbage nor lettuce was seen,
 The slug and the snail show'd their mischievous heads,
 And eat ev'ry leaf that was green.

Thus Richard the idle, who shrunk from the cold
 Beheld his trees naked and bare ;
 Whilst Harry the active, was charm'd to behold,
 The fruit of his patience and care.—ANN.

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
 And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
 And on my cheek sweet kisses press'd ?

My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
 Who was it sang sweet hushaby,
 And rock'd me that I should not cry ?

My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,
 When sleeping on my cradle bed,
 And tears of sweet affection shed ?

My Mother.



When pain and sickness made me cry,
 Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
 And wept for fear that I should die?

My Mother.

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,
 And taught me pretty how to play,
 And minded all I had to say?

My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
 And would some pretty story tell,
 Or kiss the place to make it well?

My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
 And love God's holy book and day,
 And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me?

My Mother.

Ah! no, the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,

My Mother.

When thou art feeble old and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away

My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,

My Mother.

For God who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise,

My Mother.—ANN.

MY FATHER.

Who took me from my mother's arms,
And, smiling at her soft alarms,
Show'd me the world and nature's charms?

My Father.

Who made me feel and understand
The wonders of the sea and land,
And mark, through all, the Maker's hand?

My Father.

ORIGINAL POEMS.



MY FATHER. P. 60.





Who climb'd with me, the mountain's height,
 And watch'd my look of dread delight,
 While rose the glorious orb of light ?

My Father

Who, from each flower and verdant stalk,
 Gather'd a honey'd store of talk,
 To fill the long, delightful walk ?

My Father.

Not on an insect would he tread ;
 Nor strike the stinging nettle dead ;
 Who taught at once my heart and head ?

My Father

Who wrote upon that heart the line
 Religion grav'd on Virtue's shrine,
 To make the human race divine ?

My Father.

Who taught my early mind to know
The God from whom all blessings flow,
Creator of all things below ?

My Father.

Who, now, in pale and placid light
Of mem'ry gleams upon my sight,
Bursting the sepulchre of night ?

My Father.

Oh! teach me still the Christian plan ;
Thy practice with thy precept ran :
Nor yet desert me now a man,

My Father.

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice,
With charms of thy angelic voice,
Still prompt the motive and the choice,

My Father.

For yet remains a little space,
Till I shall meet thee face to face :
And not, as now, in vain embrace,

My Father.

Soon, and before the mercy seat,
Spirits made perfect—we shall meet ;
Thee with what transport shall I greet,

My Father!

THE PALACE AND COTTAGE.

HIGH on a mountain's haughty steep,
Lord Hubert's palace stood :
Before it roll'd a river deep,
Behind it waved a wood.

Low in an unfrequented vale,
A peasant built his cell ;
Sweet flow'rs perfumed the cooling gale,
And graced his garden well.

Loud riot through lord Hubert's hall,
In noisy clamours ran :
He scarcely closed his eyes at all,
Till breaking day began.

In scenes of quiet and repose
Young William's life was spent ;
With morning's early beam he rose,
And whistled as he went.

On sauces rich, and viands fine,
Lord Hubert daily fed :
His goblet fill'd with sparkling wine ;
His board with dainties spread.

Warm from the sickle or the plough,
His heart as light as air,
His garden ground and dappled cow,
Supplied young William's fare.

On beds of down, beset with gold,
With satin curtains drawn,
His fev'rish limbs lord Hubert roll'd
From midnight's gloom to morn.

Stretch'd on a hard and flocky bed,
The cheerful rustic lay ;
And sweetest slumbers lull'd his head,
From eve to breaking day.

Fever and gout, and aches and pains,
Destroy'd lord Hubert's rest ;

Disorder burnt in all his veins,
And sicken'd in his breast.

A stranger to the ills of wealth,
Behind his rugged plough,
The cheek of William glow'd with health,
And cheerful was his brow

No gentle friend, to soothe his pain,
Sat near lord Hubert's bed ;
His friends and servants, light and vain,
From scenes of sorrow fled.

But when on William's honest head
Time scatter'd silver hairs,
His wife and children round his bed,
Partook and sooth'd his cares.

The solemn hearse, the waving plume,
A train of mourners grim,
Carried lord Hubert to the tomb,
But no one cared for him.

No weeping eye, no gentle breast,
Lamented his decay,
Nor round his costly coffin press'd,
To gaze upon his clay.

But when upon his dying bed
Old William came to lie,
When clammy sweats had chill'd his head,
And death had dimm'd his eye—

Sweet tears by fond affection dropp'd,
From many an eyelid fell,
And many a lip by anguish stopp'd,
Half spoke the sad farewell.

No marble pile, nor costly tomb,
 Describes where William sleeps ;
 But there wild thyme, and cowslips bloom,
 And there affection weeps.

BALL.

“MY good little fellow, don't throw your ball there,
 You'll break neighbours' windows, I know ;
 On the end of the house there is room and to spare ;
 Go round, you can have a delightful game there,
 Without fearing for where you may throw.”

Harry thought he might safely continue his play,
 With a little more care than before ;
 So forgetful of all that his father could say,
 As soon as he saw he was out of the way,
 He resolv'd to have fifty throws more.

Already as far as to forty he rose,
 And no mischief happen'd at all ;
 One more and one more, he successfully throws,
 But when, as he thought, just arriv'd at the close
 In popp'd his unfortunate ball.

Poor Harry stood frighten'd, and turning about,
 Was gazing at what he had done ;
 As the ball had popp'd in, so neighbour popp'd out,
 And with a good horsewhip he beat him about,
 Till Harry repented his fun.

When little folks think they know better than great,
 And what is forbidden them do ;
 We must always expect to see sooner or late,
 That such wise little fools have a similar fate,
 And that one of the fifty goes through.—ANN.

THE FOX AND THE CROW

THE Fox and the Crow,
 In prose, I well know,
 Many good little girls can rehearse ;
 Perhaps it will tell,
 Pretty nearly as well,
 If we try the same fable in verse.

In a dairy a crow
 Having ventur'd to go,
 Some food for her young ones to seek,
 Flew up in the trees,
 With a fine piece of cheese,
 Which she joyfully held in her beak.

A fox who lived nigh,
 To the tree saw her fly,
 And to share in the prize made a vow,
 For having just din'd,
 He for cheese felt inclin'd,
 So he went and sat under the bough.

She was cunning he knew,
 But so was he too,
 And with flatt'ry adapted his plan :
 For he knew if she'd speak,
 It must fall from her beak,
 So bowing politely, began :

“Tis a very fine day
 (Not a word did she say,)
 The wind, I believe, ma'am, is south :
 A fine harvest for peas :”
 He then look'd at the cheese,
 But the crow did not open her mouth.

Sly Reynard, not tir'd,
 Her plumage admir'd,
 "How charming! how brilliant its hue,
 The voice must be fine,
 Of a bird so divine,
 Ah! let me just hear it—pray do.

"Believe me I long
 To hear a sweet song."
 The silly crow foolishly tries,
 She scarce gave one squall,
 When the cheese she let fall,
 And the fox ran away with the prize.

MORAL.

Ye innocent fair,
 Of coxcombs beware,
 To flattery never give ear;
 Try well each pretence,
 And keep to plain sense,
 And then ye have little to fear.—LITTLE B.

 THE MOTHER'S WISH.

MAY cloudless beams of grace and truth
 Adorn my daughters' op'ning youth;
 Long happy in their native home,
 Among its fragrant groves to roam.
 May choicest blessings them attend,
 Blest in their parents, sisters, friend!
 May no rude wish assail their breast,
 To love this world, by all confess'd
 As only giv'n us to prepare
 For one eternal, bright, and fair.

This world shall then no force retain,
 Its syren voice shall charm in vain ;
 Religion's aid, true peace will bring,
 Her voice with joy shall praises sing,
 To Him whose streams of mercy flow,
 To cheer the heart o'ercharg'd with woe ;
 And whilst retirement's sweets we prove,
 For ever praise redeeming love.

WRITTEN AT BARMING.

TO MARIA.

How happy the days of your youth,
 Instructed in virtue and truth,
 By the parents you love and revere ;
 Your dwelling is healthy and neat,
 Of sisters so dear the retreat,
 And of neighbours abundance are near.

Oh think whence these blessings arise,
 From a Being so gracious and wise,
 And should they by Him be withdrawn .
 Should ev'ry degree of distress,
 My dearest of daughters oppress,
 When torn from the sweet verdant lawn :

From what must she then seek relief,
 When her mind is disturbed with grief,
 But from God, who but chastens to bless :
 Fine garments, rich food, and bright wine,
 With which the voluptuous dine,
 Enervate beyond all redress.

In the sad sober moments of woe,
 Which each mortal is destin'd to know,
 With joy will a Christian perceive

That life as a vision recedes,
 That faith render'd bright by good deeds,
 A blessed reward will receive.

Should you as a mother or wife,
 Be call'd on to act in this life,
 Oh! strive ev'ry virtue to trace;
 On the minds you may have to attend,
 Join at once the kind mother and friend,
 And pray for their virtue and grace.

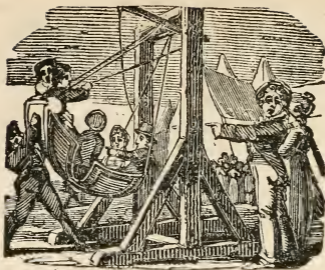
WRITTEN AT BARMING.

THE SNAIL.

THE snail, how he creeps slowly over the wall,
 He seems not to make any progress at all,
 Almost where you leave him you find him:
 His long shining body he stretches out well,
 And drags along with him his round hollow shell,
 And leaves a bright path-way behind him.

Do look, said young Tom, at that lazy old snail,
 He's almost an hour crawling over a pale,
 Enough all one's patience to worry;
 Now, if I were he, I would gallop away,
 Half over the world—twenty miles in a day,
 And turn bus'ness off in a hurry.

Well Tom, said his father, but as I'm afraid
 That into a snail you can never be made,
 But still must remain a young master;
 As such sort of wishes can nothing avail,
 Take a hint for yourself, from your jokes on the snail,
 And do your own work rather faster.—J. T.



THE HOLIDAYS.

AH! don't you remember 'tis almost December,
 And soon will the holidays come?
 Oh! 'twill be so funny, I've plenty of money,
 I'll buy me a sword and a drum.

Thus said little Harry, unwilling to tarry,
 Impatient to hurry from school;
 But we shall discover, this holiday-lover
 Spoke both like a child and a fool.

For when he alighted, so highly delighted,
 Away from his sums and his books,
 Though playthings surrounded, and sweatmeats a-
 bounded,
 Chagrin still appear'd in his looks.

Though first they delighted, his toys were now slighted,
 And thrown away out of his sight;
 He spent ev'ry morning in stretching and yawning
 Yet went to bed weary at night,

He had not that treasure which really makes pleasure,
 (A secret discover'd by few,)

You'll take it for granted, more playthings he wanted,
O no—it was something to do.

He found that employment created enjoyment,
And pass'd the time cheerful away ;
That study and reading, by far were exceeding
His cakes, and his toys, and his play.

To school now returning, to study and learning,
With pleasure did Harry apply ;
He felt no aversion to books, 'twas diversion,
And caus'd him to smile, not to sigh.—J. T.

OLD SARAH.

WITH haggard eye, and wrinkled face,
Old Sarah goes, with tott'ring pace,
From door to door to beg ;
With gypsy hat and tatter'd gown,
And petticoat of dirty brown,
And many-colour'd leg.

No blazing fire, no cheerful home,
She wanders comfortless and lone,
While winds and tempests blow ;
And ev'ry trav'ler passing by,
She follows with a doleful cry,
Of poverty and woe.

But see ! her arm no basket bears,
With laces gay, and wooden wares,
And garters, blue and red ;
To stroll about and drink her gin,
She loves far better than to spin,
Or work to earn her bread.

Old Sarah, ev'ry body knows,
 Nor is she pity'd as she goes,
 A melancholy sight ;
 For people do not like to give,
 Their alms to those who idle live,
 And won't work when they might. —J. T.

OLD SUSAN.

OLD Susan, in a cottage small,
 Though low the roof, and mud the wall,
 And goods a scanty store,
 Enjoys within her peaceful shed,
 Her wholesome crust of barley bread,
 Nor docs she covet more.

Though old and feeble she must feel,
 She daily plies her spinning wheel,
 Within her cottage gate ;
 And thus with industry and care,
 Though low her purse, and hard her fare,
 She envies not the great.

A decent gown she always wears,
 Though many an ancient patch it bears,
 And many a one that's new :
 No dirt is seen within her door,
 Red sand she sprinkles on the floor,
 As tidy people do.

Old Susan ev'ry body knew,
 And ev'ry one respected, too,
 Her industry and care :
 And if in sickness, or in woe,
 Her neighbours gladly would bestow
 The little they could spare. —J. T.

THE GLEANER.

BEFORE the bright sun rises over the hill,
 In the cornfield poor Mary is seen,
 Impatient her little blue apron to fill,
 With the few scatter'd ears she can glean.

She never leaves off, or runs out of her place,
 To play, or to idle, and chat ;
 Except now and then, just to wipe her hot face,
 And fan herself with her broad hat.

“ Poor girl, hard at work in the heat of the sun,
 How tir'd and hot you must be :
 Why don't you leave off, as the others have done,
 And sit with them under the tree ? ”

“ Oh no ! for my mother lies ill in her bed,
 Too feeble to spin or to knit ;
 And my poor little brothers are crying for bread,
 And yet we can't give them a bit !

“ Then could I be merry, and idle, and play,
 While they are so hungry and ill ?
 O no, I had rather work hard all the day,
 My little blue apron to fill. ”

 SNOW.

O COME to the window, dear brother, and see,
 What mischief was done in the night ;
 The snow has quite cover'd the nice apple-tree,
 And the bushes are sprinkled with white.



The spring in the grove is beginning to freeze,
 The pond is hard frozen all o'er,
 Long icicles hang in bright rows from the trees,
 And drop in odd shapes from the door.

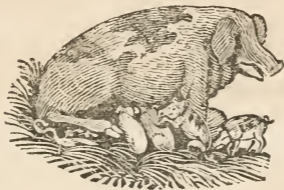
The old mossy thatch, and the meadows so green,
 Are cover'd all over with white ;
 The snow-drop and crocus no more can be seen,
 The thick snow has cover'd them quite.

And see the poor birds how they fly to and fro,
 They're come for their breakfast again ;
 But the little worms all are hid under the snow,
 They hop about chirping in vain.

Then open the window, I'll throw them some bread,
 I've some of my breakfast to spare ;
 I wish they would come to my hand to be fed,
 But they're all flown away, I declare.

Nay, now, pretty birds, don't be frighten'd, I pray,
 You shall not be hurt, I'll engage ;
 I'm not come to catch you, and force you away,
 And fasten you up in a cage.

I wish you could know you've no cause for alarm,
 From me you have nothing to fear ;
 Why, my little fingers could do you no harm,
 Although you came ever so near.—J. T.



THE PIGS.

' Do look at those pigs, as they lay in the straw,
 Little Richard said to his papa ;
 ' They keep eating longer than ever I saw,
 What nasty fat gluttons they are !'

' I see they are feasting,' his father replied,
 They eat a great deal I allow :
 But let us remember before we deride,
 'Tis the nature, my dear, of a sow.

' But when a great boy, such as thee, my dear Dick,
 Does nothing but eat all the day,
 And keeps sucking good things till he makes himself sick,
 What a glutton ! indeed, we may say.

' When plumcake and sugar for ever he picks,
 And sweatmeats, and comfits, and figs ;
 Pray let him get rid of his own nasty tricks,
 And then he may laugh at the pigs."—J. T.

FINERY.

IN a frock richly trimm'd with a beautiful lace,
And hair nicely drest, hanging over her face,
'Thus deck'd, Harriot went to the house of a friend,
With a large *little* party the evening to spend.

"Ah! how they all will be delighted, I guess,
And stare with surprise at my elegant dress;"
Thus said the vain girl, and her little heart beat,
Impatient the happy young party to meet.

But alas! they were all too intent on their fun,
To observe the gay clothes this fine lady had on:
And thus all her trouble quite lost its design,
For they saw she was proud, but forgot she was fine.

'Twas Lucy, though only in simple white clad,
(Nor trimmings, nor laces, nor jewels she had,)
Whose cheerful good-nature delighted them more,
Than all the fine garments that Harriot wore.

'Tis better to have a sweet smile on one's face,
Than to wear a rich frock with an elegant lace,
For the good-natur'd girl is lov'd best in the main,
If her dress is but decent, though ever so plain.—J. T.

CRAZY ROBERT

POOR Robert is crazy, his hair is turn'd gray,
His beard has grown long, and hangs down to his
breast:
Misfortune has taken his reason away,
His heart has no comfort, his head has no rest.

Poor man, it would please me to soften thy woes,
 To sooth thy affliction, and yield thee support;
 But see through the village, wherever he goes,
 The cruel boys follow, and turn him to sport.

'Tis grievous to see how the pitiless mob
 Run round him and mimic his mournful complaint,
 And try to provoke him, and call him old Bob,
 And hunt him about 'till he's ready to faint.

But ah! wicked children, I fear they forget
 That God does their cruel diversion behold;
 And that in his book dreadful curses are writ,
 For those who shall mock at the poor and the old.

Poor Robert, *thy* troubles will shortly be o'er,
 Forgot in the grave thy misfortunes will be;
 But God will his vengeance assuredly pour
 On those wicked children who persecute thee.—J. T.

EMPLOYMENT.

WHO'LL come and play with me here under the tree,
 My sisters have left me alone;
 My sweet little sparrow, come hither to me,
 And play with me while they are gone.

O no, little lady, I can't come, indeed,
 I've no time to idle away,
 I've got all my dear little children to feed,
 And my nest to new cover with hay.

Pretty bee do not buz about over that flower,
 But come here and play with me, do;
 The sparrow won't come and stay with me an hour,
 But say, pretty bee—will not you?

O no, little lady, for do not you see,
 Those must work who would prosper and thrive,
 If I play, they would call me a sad idle bee,
 And perhaps turn me out of the hive.

Stop! stop! little ant, do not run off so fast,
 Wait with me a little and play :
 I hope I shall find a companion at last,
 You are not so busy as they.

O no, little lady, I can't stay with you,
 We're not made to play, but to labour ;
 I always have something or other to do,
 If not for myself, for a neighbour.

What, then ! have they all some employment but me,
 Who lay lounging here like a dunce ?
 O then, like the ant, and the sparrow, and bee,
 I'll go to my lesson at once.—J. T.



THE FIGHTING BIRDS.

Two little birds in search of food,
 Flew o'er the fields, and skimm'd the flood,
 At last a worm they spy ;
 But who should take the prize they strove,
 Their quarrel sounded through the grove,
 In notes both shrill and high.

But now a hawk, whose piercing sight
 Had mark'd his prey, and watch'd their fight,
 With certain aim descended ;
 And pouncing on their furious strife,
 He stopp'd their battle with their life,
 And so the war was ended.

Thus, when in discord brothers live,
 And frequent blows of anger give,
 With hate their bosoms rending ;
 In life, with rogues perchance they meet,
 To take advantage of their heat,
 Their lives in sorrow ending.—J. T.

CREATION.

Come, child, look upwards to the sky
 Behold the sun and moon,
 Th' expanse of stars that sparkle high,
 To cheer the midnight gloom.

Come, child, and now behold the earth
 In varied beauty stand :
 The product view of six days' birth,
 How wond'rous and how grand !

The fields, the meadows, and the plain,
 The little laughing hills,
 The waters too, the mighty main,
 The rivers and the rills.

Come then, behold them all, and say,
 "How came these things to be
 That stand before, whichever way
 I turn myself to see?"

'Twas God who made the earth and sea,
 To whom the angels bow ;
 'Twas God, who made both thee and me—
 The God who sees us now.—J. T.



THE TEMPEST.

HARK ! 'tis the tempest's hollow sound,
The bursting thunder and the rain,
While dense and heavy clouds unbound,
In torrents fall upon the plain.

See, too, the lightning's vivid flash,
In quick succession fire the sky ;
All form an universal crash
Of elements at enmity

The solid earth, as if with fear,
Trembles beneath the mighty war :
The waters, too, in mountains rear,
Loos'd from the yoke of nature's law

Behold the bellowing herds the heath
Forsake with haste, for shelter fled ;
While shepherds fly, with panting breath,
In equal speed and greater dread.

And see yon ancient massive oak,
The forest's pride for ages stood,
Its sturdy stem in shivers broke,
Its head driv'n downwards in the flood.

Toss'd by the waves the wretched bark,
Alternate see it sink and rise ;
Now fix'd on rocks, a shatter'd mark,
For furious winds and billows, lies.

In vain the drowning sailors cry,
Their shriek is lost while thunders roar ;
In vain their moans, no help is nigh
Or ship or hospitable shore.

And does this tempest rage in vain ?
And does no power, with potent arm,
Its fury suffer or restrain,
From inj'ring hold, or guide the harm ?

Ah ! yes, a Power indeed presides,
Yes, there's a potent Being reigns ;
Above the storm th' Almighty rides ;
These awful scenes, 'tis He ordains.

Then calm each fear, and silent stand,
To learn His wisdom and His care,
The flash, unloos'd from out his hand,
Proclaims in thunder—God is there.—J. T.

ADDRESS TO AN INFANT.

WELCOME happy little stranger,
To this busy world of care!
Nothing can thy peace endanger,
Nothing now thy steps ensnare.

Precious babe, thou art excluded
From all thought of trouble near!
No distress has yet intruded,
Keen remorse, nor restless fear.

Innocence and peace attend thee:
Balmy slumbers now are thine,
Every change to thee is friendly,
Love and joy around thee shine.

Yet, alas! behind the curtain,
Tribulation veils her form;
Disappointment's stamp is certain;
Virtue only shields from harm.

Now a mother's care is wanted;
All thy cravings are supplied;
All thy infant claims are granted,
Not *one* comfort is denied.

How her bosom pants with pleasure;
All her feelings are awake;
Gladly would she, little treasure,
All thy pains and sufferings take.

May'st thou, if design'd by Heaven,
Future days and years to see,
Sooth her, make her passage even,
Let her heart rejoice in thee!

May her anxious care and labours,
Be repaid by filial love ;
And thy soul be crown'd with favours,
From the boundless source above.

TURNIP-TOPS.

WHILE yet the white frost sparkles over the ground,
And day-light just peeps from the misty blue sky,
In yonder green fields, with my basket I'm found ;
Come buy my sweet turnip tops,—turnip-tops buy.

Sadly cold are my fingers, all drench'd with the dew,
For the sun has scarce risen the meadows to dry,
And my feet have got wet with a hole in my shoe,
Come, haste then, and buy my sweet turnip-tops, buy.

While you were asleep, with your bed curtains drawn,
On pillows of down, in your chambers so high,
I tript with the first rosy beam of the morn,
To cull the green tops,—come, my turnip-tops buy.

Then, with a few halfpence or pence I can earn,
A loaf for my poor mammy's breakfast I'll buy ;
And to-morrow again, little Ann shall return,
With turnip-tops green and fresh gather'd, to cry.

THE VULGAR LITTLE LADY.

“BUT mamma, now,” said Charlotte, “pray don’t you
believe

That I’m better than Jenny, my nurse ?
Only see my red shoes, and the lace on my sleeve :
Her clothes are a thousand times worse.

“I ride in my coach, and have nothing to do,
And the country folks stare at me so ;
And nobody dares to control me but you,
Because I’m a lady, you know.

“Then servants are vulgar, and I am genteel,
They’re creatures that nobody knows,
So I’m sure now, mamma, that I’m better a deal,
Than maids, and such people as those.”

“True gentility, Charlotte,” her mother replied,
“Is confined to no station or place,
And nothing’s so vulgar as folly and pride,
Though dress’d in red slippers and lace.

“Not all the fine things that fine ladies possess,
Should teach them the poor to despise,
For ’tis in good manners, and not in good dress,
That the truest gentility lies.”



THE HORSE.

A HORSE, long us'd to bit and bridle,
 But always much dispos'd to idle,
 Had often wish'd that he was able
 To steal unnotic'd from the stable.

He panted from his inmost soul,
 To be at nobody's control,
 Go his own pace, slower or faster,
 In short, do nothing—like his master.

But yet he ne'er had got at large,
 If Jack (who had him in his charge,
 Had not, as many have before,
 Forgot to shut the stable door.

Dobbin, with expectation swelling,
 Now rose to quit his present dwelling,
 But first peep'd out with cautious fear
 T' examine if the coast was clear.

At length he ventur'd from his station,
 And with extreme self-approbation,
 As if deliver'd from a load,
 He gallop'd to the public road.

And here he stood awhile debating
(Till he was almost tir'd of waiting,
Which way he'd please to bend his course,
Now there was nobody to force.

At last, uncheck'd by bit or rein,
He saunter'd down a pleasant lane,
And neigh'd forth many a jocund song,
In triumph, as he pass'd along.

But when dark night began t' appear,
In vain he sought some shelter near,
And he was sure he could not bear
To sleep out in the open air.

The grass felt very damp and raw,
Much colder than his master's straw,
Yet on it he was forc'd to stretch,
A poor, cold, melancholy wretch.

The night was dark, the country hilly,
Poor Dobbin felt extremely chilly ;
Perhaps a feeling like remorse,
Just now might sting the gentle horse.

As soon as day began to dawn,
Dobbin, with long and weary yawn,
Arose from this his sleepless night,
But in low spirits and bad plight.

If this, (thought he,) is all I get,
A bed unwholesome, cold, and wet ;
And thus forlorn about to roam,
I think I'd better be at home.

'Twas long e'er Dobbin could decide,
Betwixt his wishes and his pride,

Whether to live in all this danger,
Or go back sneaking to the manger.

At last his struggling pride gave way ;
The thought of savoury oats and hay
To hungry stomach, was a reason
Unanswerable at this season.

So off he set, with look profound,
Right glad that he was homeward bound ;
And trotting fast as he was able,
Soon gain'd once more his master's stable.

Now Dobbin after this disaster,
Never again forsook his master,
Convinc'd 'twas best to let him mount,
Than travelling on his own account.



MEDDLESOME MATTY.

O, how one ugly trick has spoil'd
The sweetest and the best !
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possess'd,
Which like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all the better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,
To peep at what was in it ;
Or tilt the kettle if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay,
Too near the little maid ;
Ah! well, thought she, I'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone.

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses, large and wide ;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box too, she spied.
O, what a pretty box is this,
I'll open it, said little miss.

I know that grandmamma would say,
Don't meddle with it, dear ;
But then she's far enough away,
And no one else is near ;
Beside, what can there be amiss,
In op'ning such a box as this ?

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid ;
And presently a mighty jerk,
The mighty mischief did.
For all at once, ah! woeful case,
The snuff came puffing in her face !

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin,
A dismal sight presented ;
And as the snuff got further in,
Sincerely she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease,
She could do nothing else but sneeze !

She dash'd the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes ,

And as in twenty bits they lay,
 Her grandmamma she spies.
 Hey day! and what's the matter now?
 Cried grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
 And tingling still, and sore,
 Made many a promise, to refrain
 From meddling evermore;
 And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
 She ever since has kept her word.



THE LAST DYING SPEECH AND CONFESSION OF POOR PUSS.

KIND masters and misses, who ever you be,
 Do stop for a moment, and pity poor me!
 While here on my death-bed I try to relate
 My many misfortunes, and miseries great.

My dear mother, Tabby, I've often heard say,
 That I *have* been a very fine cat in my day;

But the sorrows in which my whole life has been pass'd,
Have spoil'd all my beauty, and kill'd me at last.

Poor thoughtless young thing! if I recollect right,
I was kitten'd in March, on a clear frosty night;
And before I could see, or was half a week old,
I nearly had perish'd, the barn was so cold.

But this chilly spring, I got pretty well over,
And mous'd in the hay-loft, or play'd in the clover;
And when this displeas'd me, or mousing was stale,
I us'd to run round and round, after my tail.

But ah! my poor tail, and my pretty sleek ears!
The farmer's boy cut them all off with his shears;
And little I thought, when I lick'd them so clean,
I should be such a figure, not fit to be seen.

Some time after this, when my sores were all heal'd,
As I lay in the sun, sound asleep in a field,
Miss Fanny crept slyly, and griping me fast,
Declar'd she had caught the sweet creature at last.

Ah! me, how I struggled my freedom to gain,
But alas! all my kicking and scratching were vain;
For she held me so tight in her pin-a-fore tied,
That before she got home I had like to have died.

From this dreadful morning my sorrows arose;
Wherever I went I was followed with blows;
Some kick'd me for nothing, while quietly sleeping,
Or flogg'd me, for daring the pantry to peep in:

And then, the great dog! I shall never forget him;
How many's the time Master Jacky would set him,
And while I stood terrified, all of a quake,
Cried, 'Hey cat, and seize her boy, give her a shake.'

Sometimes, when so hungry I could not forbear
Just taking a scrap, that I thought they could spare,
O! what have I suffer'd with beating and banging,
Or starv'd for a fortnight, or threaten'd with hanging.

But kicking, and beating, and starving, and that,
I've borne with the spirit becoming a cat;
There was but one thing which I could not sustain,
So great was my sorrow, so hopeless my pain.

One morning, safe hid in a warm little bed,
That down in the stable I'd carefully spread,
Three sweet little kittens as ever you saw,
I conceal'd, as I thought, in some trusses of straw.

I was never so happy, I think, nor so proud,
I mew'd to my kittens, and purr'd out aloud;
And thought, with delight, of the merry carousing
We'd have, when I first took them with me a mousing.

But how shall I tell you the sorrowful ditty;
I'm sure it would melt even Growler to pity:
For the very next morning, my darlings I found,
Lying dead by the horse-pond, all mangled and drown'd.

Poor darlings! I dragg'd them along to the stable,
And did all to warm them a mother was able;
But alas! all my licking and mewing were vain,
And I thought I should ne'er have been happy again.

However, time gave me a little relief,
And mousing diverted the thoughts of my grief,
And at last I began to be gay and contented,
Till one dreadful morning, for ever repented.

Miss Fanny was fond of a favourite sparrow,
And often I long'd for a taste of its marrow;

So, not having eaten a morsel all day,
I flew to the bird-cage, and tore it away.

Now tell me, kind friends, was the like ever heard,
That a cat should be kill'd just for catching a bird!
And I'm sure, not the slightest suspicion I had,
But that catching a mouse was exactly as bad.

Indeed, I can say with my paw on my heart,
I would not have acted a mischievous part;
But, as dear mother Tabby was often repeating,
I thought birds and mice were on purpose for eating.

Be this as it may, with the noise of its squeaking,
Miss Fanny came in, while my whiskers were reeking,
And on my poor back with the hot poker flying,
She gave me those bruises of which I am dying.

But I feel that my breathing grows shorter apace,
And cold clammy sweats trickle down from my face:
I forgive little Fanny this bruise on my side—
She stopp'd, gave a sigh, and a struggle, and died!

DAY.

THE sun rises bright in the air,
The dews of the morning are dry,
Men and beasts to their labours repair,
And the lark wings his way to the sky;
Now fresh from his moss dappled shed;
The husbandman trudges along,
And like the lark over his head,
Begins the new day with a song.

Just now, all around was so still,
Not a bird drew his head from his wing;
Not an echo was heard from the hill,
Not a waterfly dipp'd in the spring :
Now every thing wakes from its sleep,
The shepherd-boy pipes to his flock,
The common is speckled with sheep,
And cheerfully clamours the cock.

Now, winding along on the road,
Half hid by the hedges so gay,
The waggon drags slow with its load,
And its bells tinkle, tinkle, away.
The husbandman follows his plough
Across the brown fallow-field's slope,
And toils in the sweat of his brow,
Repaid by the pleasures of hope.

The city so noisy and wide,
Begins to look smoky and gray,
Now bus'ness, and pleasure, and pride,
March each in a different way.
My lord, and my lady so fair,
The merchant, with dignified look,
And all to their bus'ness repair,
From the nobleman down to his cook.

For the dews of the morning are flown,
And the sun rises bright in the sky ;
Alike in the field and the town,
Men and beasts to their labour apply.
Now idle no hand must remain,
Nor eye sink in slumber so dark,
For evening is coming again,
And the night, in which no man can work.

And what is our life but a day?
 A short one that soon will be o'er ;
 Without stopping it gallops away,
 And will never return any more
 Then while its bright beamings we have,
 Let us keep its grand bus'ness in view,
 Before our sun sets in the grave,
 Which we know not how soon it may do.

NIGHT.

No longer the beautiful day,
 Shines over the landscape so light ;
 The shadows of evening gray,
 Are clos'd in the darkness of night ;
 The din of employment is o'er,
 Not a sound, nor a whisper is heard,
 The waggon bell tinkles no more,
 And still is the song of the bird.

The landscape once blooming so fair,
 With a garment of flowers o'er spread :
 The landscape indeed is still there,
 But all its fair colours are fled.
 The sun sinking under the hill,
 No longer shoots bright to the earth ;
 The bustle of bus'ness is still,
 And hush'd is the clamour of mirth.

The busy hand, busy no more,
 Is sunk from its labours to rest ;
 Clos'd tight ev'ry window and door,
 Where once the gay passengers press'd.

The houses of frolic and fun
Are empty, and dreary, and dark ;
The din of the coaches is done,
And the tir'd horse rests from his work.

Just such is the season of death,
Which comes upon each of us fast ;
The bosom can't flutter with breath,
When life's little day-time is pass'd.
The blood freezes cold in its vein,
The heart sinks for ever to rest ;
Not a fancy flits over the brain,
Nor a sigh finds its way from the breast.

The tongue stiff and silent is grown,
The pale lips move never again ;
The smile and the dimple are flown,
And the voice both of pleasure and pain.
Clay cold the once feverish head,
The bright eye is sullen and dark ;
For death's gloomy shadows have spread
That night, in which no man can work.

But as from the silence and gloom,
Another gay morning shall rise,
So, bursting awake from the tomb,
We shall mount far away to the skies,
And those, who with meekness and pray'r,
In the paths of religion have trod,
Shall worship all glorious there,
Among the archangels of God.

DEAF MARTHA.

POOR Martha is old, and her hair is turn'd gray,
And her hearing has left her this many long year ;
Ten to one if she knows what it is that you say,
Tho' she puts her poor wither'd hand close to her ear:

I've seen naughty children run after her fast,
And cry " Martha run, there's a bullock so bold,"
And when she was frighten'd, laugh at her at last,
Because she believ'd the sad stories they told.

I've seen others put their mouths close to her ear,
And make signs, as if they had something to say :
And when she said, ' Master, I'm deaf and can't hear,'
Point at her, and mock her, and scamper away.

Ah ! wicked the children, poor Martha to tease,
As if she had not enough else to endure ;
They rather should try her affliction to ease,
And sooth a disorder that nothing can cure.

One day, when those children themselves are grown old,
And one may be deaf, and another be lame ;
Perhaps they may find, that some children as bold,
May tease them, and mock them, and serve them the
same.

Then, when they reflect on the days of their youth,
They'll think of poor Martha, and all that they said,
And remember, with shame and repentance, the truth,
" That all wicked actions are surely repaid."

THE PIN.

“DEAR me! what signifies a pin,
Wedg’d in a rotten board?
I’m certain that I won’t begin,
At ten years old to hoard!
I never will be call’d a miser,
That I’m determin’d,” said Eliza.

So onward tripp’d the little maid,
And left the pin behind,
Which very snug and quiet laid,
To its hard fate resign’d;
Nor did she think, (a careless chit,)
’Twas worth her while to stop for it.

Next day a party was to ride
To see an air balloon;
And all the company beside,
Were dress’d and ready soon.
But she a woful case was in,
For want of just a single pin!

In vain her eager eyes she brings
To every darksome crack,
There was not one! and all her things
Were dropping off her back.
She cut her pincushion in two,
But no, not one had slidden through.

At last, as hunting on the floor,
Over a crack she lay,
The carriage rattled to the door,
Then rattled fast away;
But poor Eliza was not in,
For want of just—a single pin!

There's hardly any thing so small,
 So trifling or so mean,
 That we may never want at all,
 For service unforeseen :
 And wilful waste, depend upon 't,
 Is, almost always, woful want !



THE LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT TO HIS MISTRESS.

HERE in the wiry prison, where I sing,
 And think of sweet green woods, and long to fly ;
 Unable once to stretch my feeble wing,
 Or wave my feathers in the clear blue sky.

Day after day, the self same things I see,
 The cold white ceiling, and this wiry house ;
 Ah ! how unlike my healthy native tree,
 Rock'd by the winds that whistled through the boughs.

Mild spring returning, strews the ground with flowers,
 And hangs sweet May-buds on the hedges gay ;
 But no warm sunshine cheers my gloomy hours,
 Nor kind companion twitters on the spray !

Oh ! how I long to stretch my weary wings,
 And fly away as far as I can see ;
 And from the topmost bough where Robin sings,
 Pour my wild songs, and be as blithe as he.

Why was I taken from the waving nest ?
 From flow'ry fields, wide woods, and hedges green,
 Torn from my tender mother's downy breast,
 In this sad prison-house to die unseen !

ORIGINAL POEMS.



LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT. P. 98.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
110 St. George Street
Toronto, Ontario

Why must I hear in summer evenings fine,
 A thousand happier birds in merry choirs?
 And I, poor lonely I, forbid to join,
 Cag'd by these wooden walls and golden wires.

Kind mistress come, with gentle, pitying hand,
 Unbar my prison door and set me free,
 Then, on the white thorn bush I'll take my stand,
 And sing sweet songs to freedom and to thee.

THE MISTRESS'S REPLY TO HER LITTLE BIRD.

DEAR little bird, don't make this piteous cry,
 My heart will break to hear thee thus complain
 Gladly, dear little bird, I'd let thee fly,
 If that were likely to relieve thy pain.

Sad was the boy who climb'd the tree so high,
 And took thee bare and shiv'ring from thy nest;
 But no, dear little bird, it was not I,
 There's more of soft compassion in my breast:

But when I saw thee gasping wide for breath,
 Without one feather on thy callow skin,
 I begg'd the cruel boy to spare thy death,
 Paid for thy little life, and took thee in.

Fondly I fed thee, with the tenderest care,
 And fill'd thy gaping beak with nicest food:
 Gave thee new bread and butter from my share,
 And then, with chick-weed green, thy dwelling strew'd.

Soon downy feathers dress'd thy naked wing,
 Smooth'd by thy little beak with beauish care;
 And many a summer's evening wouldst thou sing,
 And hop from perch to perch with merry air.

But if I now should loose thy prison door,
 And let thee out into the world so wide,
 Unus'd to such a wond'rous place before,
 Thou'dst want some friendly shelter where to hide.

Thy brother birds would peck thy little eyes,
 And fight the stranger from their woods away ;
 Fierce hawks would chase thee tumbling through the
 skies,
 Or crouching pussy mark thee for her prey.

Sad on the lonely black thorn wouldst thou sit,
 Thy mournful song unpitied and unheard,
 And when the wint'ry wind and driving sleet,
 Came sweeping o'er they'd kill my pretty bird.

Then do not pine, my fav'rite, to be free,
 Plume up thy wings, and clear that sullen eye
 I would not take thee from thy native tree,
 But now, 'twould kill thee soon to let thee fly.



THE *TRUE* HISTORY OF A POOR LITTLE MOUSE.

A POOR little mouse had once made him a nest,
 As he fancy'd, the warmest, and safest, and best,
 That a poor little mouse could enjoy ;
 So snug, so convenient, so out of the way,
 This poor little mouse and his family lay,
 They fear'd neither pussy nor boy

It was in a stove that was seldom in use,
 Where shavings and papers were scatter'd in loose,
 That this poor little mouse made his hole :
 But alas ! Master Johnny had seen him one day,
 As in a great fright he had scamper'd away,
 With a piece of plum-pudding he stole.

As soon as young Johnny, (who wicked and bad,
 No pitiful thoughts for dumb animals had,)
 Descried the poor fellow's retreat,
 He crept to the shavings and set them alight,
 And before the poor mouse could run off in its fright,
 It was scalded to death in the heat !

Poor mouse how it squeak'd, I can't bear to relate,
 Nor how its poor little ones hopp'd in the grate,
 And died one by one in the flame !
 I should not much wonder to hear that one night,
 This wicked boy's bed-curtains catching alight,
 He suffer'd exactly the same.

THE CHATTERBOX.

FROM morning till night, it was Lucy's delight,
 To chatter and talk without stopping ;
 There was not a day, but she rattled away,
 Like water for ever a dropping !

As soon as she rose, while she put on her clothes,
 'Twas vain to endeavour to still her ;
 Nor once did she lack, to continue her clack,
 Till again she laid down on her pillow.

You'll think now, perhaps, that there would have been
gaps,
If she had not been wonderful clever :
That her sense was so great, and so witty her pate,
That it would be forthcoming for ever :

But that's quite absurd, for have you not heard,
That much tongue and few brains, are connected?
That they are suppos'd to think least who talk most,
And their wisdom is always suspected?

While Lucy was young, if she'd bridled her tongue
With a little good sense and exertion ;
Who knows but she might now have been our delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion ?

THE SNOWDROP.

I SAW a snowdrop on the bed,
Green taper leaves among ;
Whiter than driven snow, its head
On the slim stalk was hung.

The wint'ry wind came sweeping o'er,
A bitter tempest blew ;
The snowdrop faded—never more
To glitter with the dew.

I saw a smiling infant laid
In its fond mother's arms
Around its rosy cheek there play'd
A thousand dimpling charms.

A bitter pain was sent to take
The smiling babe away ;

How did its little bosom shake
As in a fit it lay!

Its beating heart was quickly stopp'd,
And in the earth so cold,
I saw the little coffin dropp'd,
And cover'd up with mould.

Dear little children, who may read
This mournful story through,
Remember, death may come with speed,
And bitter pains, for you.



THE YELLOW LEAF.

I SAW a leaf come tilting down,
From a bare, wither'd bough;
The leaf was dead, the branch was brown,
No fruit was left it now :

But much the rattling tempest blew,
 The naked boughs among ;
 And here and there, came whirling through,
 A leaf that loosely hung.

This leaf, they tell me, once was green.
 Wash'd by the showers soft ;
 High on the topmost bough 'twas seen,
 And flourish'd up aloft.

I saw an old man totter slow,
 Wrinkled, and weak, and gray ;
 He'd hardly strength enough to go
 Ever so short a way.

His ear was deaf, his eye was dim,
 He lean'd on crutches high ;
 But while I staid to pity him,
 I saw him gasp and die.

This poor old man was once as gay
 As rosy health could be,
 Yes, and the youngest head must lay,
 Ere long, as low as he !

POOR POMPEY'S COMPLAINT.

STRETCH'D out on a dunghill, all cover'd with snow,
 While round him blew many a pitiless blast ;
 His breathe short and painful, his pulse beating low,
 Poor honest old Pompey lay breathing his last.

Bleak whistled the wind, and loud bellow'd the storm,
 Cold pelted upon him the half frozen rain ;

And amid the convulsions that shatter'd his form,
Thus honest old Pompey was heard to complain.

“ Full many a winter I've weather'd the blast,
And plung'd for my master through briar or bog ;
And in my old age, when my vigour is past,
'Tis cruel, I think, to forsake his poor dog.

“ I've guarded his dwelling by day and by night,
Impatient the roost-robbing gipsy to spy ;
And the roost-robbing gipsy turn'd pale with affright,
When the flash of resentment shot fierce from my eye.

“ On the heath and the mountain I've follow'd his flocks,
And kept them secure while he slept in the sun ;
Defended them safe from the blood-thirsty fox,
And ask'd but a bone when my labour was done.

“ When he work'd in the corn-field with brawny hot back,
I watch'd by his waistcoat beneath the tall tree,
And woe to the robber that dar'd to attack
The charge that my master committed to me.

“ When jogging from market, with bags full of gold,
No moon to enliven his perilous way,
Nor star twinkling bright through the atmosphere cold,
'Twas I kept the slow-creeping robber at bay.

“ One night, when with cold overcome and oppres'd,
He sunk by the way-side, benumb'd in the snow,
I stretch'd my warm belly along on his breast
And moan'd, to let kind-hearted passengers know.

“ Yes—long have I serv'd him with courage and zeal,
Till my shaking old bones are grown brittle and dry:
And 'tis an unkindness I bitterly feel,
To be turn'd out of doors on a dunghill to die!

“ I crawl’d to the kitchen, with pitiful moan,
 And show’d my poor ribs, that were cutting my skin;
 And look’d at my master, and begg’d for a bone,
 But he said I was dirty, and must not come in!

“ But ’tis the last struggle! my sorrows are o’er;
 ’Tis death’s clammy hand that is glazing my eye;
 The keen gripe of hunger shall pinch me no more,
 Nor hard-hearted master be deaf to my cry!”—ANN.



THE POND.

THERE was a round pond, and a pretty pond too,
 About it white daisies and butter-flow’rs grew,
 And dark weeping willows, that stoop’d to the ground,
 Dipp’d in their long branches and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,
 To feast on the green water-weeds that grew there:
 Indeed the assembly would frequently meet,
 To talk o’er affairs in this pleasant retreat.

Now the subjects on which they were wont to converse,
 I'm sorry I cannot include in my verse ;
 For though I've oft listen'd in hopes of discerning,
 I own 'tis a matter that baffles my learning.

One day a young chicken, who liv'd thereabout,
 Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out ;
 Now standing tail upwards, now diving below ;
 She thought of all things she should like to do so.

So this foolish chicken began to declare,
 " I've really a great mind to venture in there,
 My mother's oft told me I must not go nigh,
 But really, for my part, I cannot tell why.

" Ducks have wings and feathers, and so have I too,
 And my feet—what's the reason that they will not do ?
 Though my beak is pointed, and their beaks are round,
 Is that any reason that I should be drown'd ?

" So why should not I swim as well as a duck ?
 Suppose then I venture, and e'en try my luck ;
 For," said she, (spite of all that her mother had taught
 " I'm really remarkably fond of the water." [her,)

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
 And soon found her dear mother's cautions were true ;
 She splash'd, and she dash'd, and she turn'd herself
 round,
 And heartily wish'd herself safe on the ground.

But now, 'twas too late to begin to repent,
 The harder she struggled, the deeper she went ;
 And when ev'ry effort she vainly had tried,
 She slowly sunk down to the bottom, and died !

The ducks, I perceiv'd, began loudly to quack,
When they say the poor fowl floating dead on its back,
And by their grave looks, it was very apparent,
They discours'd on the sin of not minding a parent.

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

SPORTING on the village green,
The pretty English girl is seen ;
Or beside her cottage neat,
Knitting on the garden seat.

NOW within her humble door,
Sweeping clean the kitchen floor,
Where, upon the wall so white,
Hang her coppers polish'd bright.

Mary never idle sits,
She either sews, or spins, or knits,
Hard she labours all the week.
With sparkling eye and rosy cheek.

And on Sunday Mary goes,
Neatly dress'd in decent clothes,
Says her prayers, (a constant rule,)
And hastens to the Sunday School.

O how good should we be found,
Who live on England's happy ground !
Where rich and poor and wretched may
All learn to walk in Wisdom's way.

THE SCOTCH LADDIE.

COLD blows the north wind o'er the mountains so bare,
Poor Sawny benighted is travelling there,
His plaid-cloak around him he carefully binds,
And holds on his bonnet, that's blown by the winds.

Long time has he wander'd his desolate way,
That wound him along by the banks of the Tay,
Now o'er this cold mountain poor Sawny must roam,
Before he arrives at his dear little home.

Barefooted he follows the path he must go,
The print of his footsteps he leaves in the snow ;
And while the white sleet patters cold in his face,
He thinks of his home, and he quickens his pace.

But see, from afar he discovers a light,
That cheerfully gleams on the darkness of night ;
And O what delights in his bosom arise !
He knows 'tis his dear little home that he spies.

And now when arriv'd at his father's own door,
His fears, his fatigues, and his dangers are o'er ;
His brothers and sisters press round with delight,
And welcome him in from the storms of the night.

For in vain from the north the keen winter winds blow,
In vain are the mountain tops cover'd with snow ;
The cold of his country can never controul,
The affection that glows in the Highlander's soul.

THE WELCH LAD.

OVER the mountain, and over the rock,
Wanders young Taffy to follow his flock,
While far above him he sees the wild goats,
Gallop about in their shaggy warm coats.

Sometimes they travel in frolicsome crowds,
To the mountain's high top that is lost in the clouds;
Then they descend to the valley again,
Or scale the black rocks that hang over the main.

Now when young Taffy's day's labour is o'er,
He cheerfully sits at his own cottage door:
While all his brothers and sisters around,
Sit in a circle upon the bare ground.

Then their good father, with spectacl'd nose,
Reads the Bible aloud, ere he takes his repose;
While the pale moon rises over the hill,
And the birds are asleep, and all nature is still.

Now with his harp old Llewellyn is seen,
And joins the gay party that sit on the green,
He leans in the door-way, and plays them a tune,
And the children all dance by the light of the moon.

How often the wretch, in a city so gay,
Where pleasure and luxury follow his way,
When health quite forsakes him, and cheerfulness fails,
Might envy a lad on the mountains of Wales!

THE IRISH BOY.

YOUNG Paddy is merry, and happy, but poor
His cabin is built in the midst of a moor ;
No pretty green meadows about it are found,
But bogs in the middle and mountains around.

This wild Irish lad, of all lads the most frisky,
Enjoys his spare meal of potatoes and whiskey,
As he merrily sits, with no care on his mind,
At the door of his cabin, and sings to the wind.

Close down at his feet lies his shaggy old dog,
Who has plung'd with his master through many a bog ;
While Paddy sings " Liberty long shall reign o'er us,"
Shag catches his ardour, and barks a loud chorus.

Young Paddy, indeed, is not polish'd or mild,
But his soul is as free as his country is wild ;
And though unacquainted with fashion or dress,
His heart ever melts at the sound of distress.

Then let us not laugh at his bulls and his blunders,
His broad native brogue, or his ignorant wonders :
Nor will we by ridicule ever destroy
The honest content of a wild Irish boy.

And thus while I sing of the wild Irish lad ;
The Welch boy ; the Scotch, with his waistcoat of plaid,
I earnestly pray that I never may roam,
From England, dear England, my own native home.

GREEDY RICHARD.

“ I THINK I want some pies this morning,”
Said Dick, stretching himself and yawning ;
So down he threw his slate and books,
And saunter'd to the pastry-cook's.

And there he cast his greedy eyes,
Round on the jellies and the pies,
So to select, with anxious care,
The very nicest that was there.

At last the point was thus decided,
As his opinion was divided
'Twixt pie and jelly, he was loath
Either to leave, so took them both.

Now Richard never could be pleas'd
To eat till hunger was appeas'd,
But he'd go on to cram and stuff,
Long after he had had enough.

“ I sha'nt take any more,” said Dick,
“ Dear me, I feel extremely sick,
I cannot eat this other bit ;
I wish I had not tasted it.”

Then slowly rising from his seat,
He threw the cheesecake in the street,
And left the tempting pastry cook's,
With very discontented looks.

Just then, a man with wooden leg
Met Dick, and held his hat to beg :
And while he told his mournful case,
Look'd at him with imploring face.

Dick wishing to relieve his pain,
 His pocket search'd, but search'd in vain,
 And so at last he did declare,
 He had not got a farthing there.

The beggar turn'd, with face of grief,
 And look of patient unbelief,
 While Richard, now completely tam'd,
 Felt inconceivably asham'd.

“ I wish, said he, (but wishing 's vain,)
 “ I'd got my money back again,
 And had not spent my last to pay
 For what I only threw away.

Another time I'll take advice,
 And not buy things because they're nice,
 But rather save my little store
 To give poor folks, who want it more.

DIRTY JACK.

THERE was one little Jack,
 Not very long back,
 And 'tis said, to his lasting disgrace,
 That he never was seen
 With his hands at all clean,
 Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
 To see so much dirt,
 And often and well did they scour;
 But all was in vain,
 He was dirty again
 Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent,
 He reluctantly went,
 With water to splash himself o'er,
 But he left the black streaks
 All over his cheeks,
 And made them look worse than before.

The pigs in the dirt
 Could not be more expert
 Than he was, at grubbing about ;
 And people have thought,
 This gentleman ought
 To be made with four legs and a snout.

The idle and bad
 May, like to this lad,
 Be dirty and black, to be sure,
 But good boys are seen
 To be decent and clean,
 Although they are ever so poor.



THE FARM.

BRIGHT glows the east with blushing red,
 While yet upon their wholesome bed,
 The sleeping lab'ers rest ;

And the pale moon and silver star,
Grow paler still, and wand'ring far,
Sink slowly to the west.

And see, behind the sloping hill,
The morning clouds grow brighter still,
And all the shades retire ;
Slowly the Sun, with golden ray,
Breaks forth above th' horizon gray,
And gilds the distant spire.



And now, at Nature's cheerful voice,
The hills, and vales, and woods rejoice,
The lark ascends the skies ;
And soon the cock's shrill notes alarm
The sleeping people at the farm,
And bid them all arise.

Then to the dairy's cool retreat,
The busy maids together meet :
The careful mistress sees,
Some tend with skilful hand the churns,
Where the thick cream to butter turns,
And some the curdling cheese.

And now comes Thomas from the house,
With well known cry to call the cows,
 Still sleeping on the plain ;
They quickly rising, one and all,
Obedient to the daily call,
 Wind slowly through the lane.

And see the rosy milk-maid now,
Seated beside the horned cow,
 With milking-stool and pail ;
The patient cow, with dappled hide,
Stands still, unless to lash her side
 With her convenient tail.

And then the poultry, (Mary's charge,)
Must all be fed, and let at large,
 To roam about again ;
Wide open swings the great barn door,
And out the hungry creatures pour,
 To pick the scatter'd grain.

Forth plodding to the heavy plough,
The sun-burnt lab'rer hastens now,
 To guide with skilful arm ;
Thus all is industry around,
No idle hand is ever found,
 Within the busy farm.

READING.

“AND so you do not like to spell,
Mary, my dear, O very well,
'Tis dull and troublesome, you say,
And you had rather be at play.

“ Then bring me all your books again,
Nay, Mary, why do you complain ?
For as you do not choose to read,
You shall not have your books, indeed.

“ So, as you wish to be a dunce,
Pray go and fetch me them at once,
For as you will not learn to spell,
'Tis vain to think of reading well.

“ Now don't you think, you'll blush to own,
When you become a woman grown,
Without one good excuse to plead,
That you have never learnt to read.”

“ O dear mamma,” (said Mary then,)
“ Do let me have my books again,
I'll not fret any more, indeed,
If you will let me learn to read.”

IDLENESS.

SOME people complain they have nothing to do,
And time passes slowly away ;
They saunter about with no object in view,
And long for the end of the day.

In vain are their riches, or honours, or birth,
They nothing can truly enjoy ;
They're the wretchedest creatures that live on the earth,
For want of some pleasing employ.

When people have no need to work for their bread,
And indolent always have been,
It never so much as comes into their head,
That wasting their time is a sin.

But man was created for useful employ
From earth's first creation till now ;
And 'tis good for his health, his comfort, and joy,
To live by the sweat of his brow.

And those who of riches are fully possess'd,
Are not for that reason exempt,
If they give themselves up to an indolent rest,
They are objects of real contempt.

The pleasure that constant employments create,
By them cannot be understood ;
And though they may rank with the rich and the great, -
They never can rank with the good.

THE GOOD-NATURED GIRLS.

Two good little girls, Marianne and Maria,
As happily liv'd as good girls could desire ;
And though they were neither grave, sullen, nor mute,
They seldom or never were heard to dispute.

If one wants a thing that the other could get,
They don't go to scratching and fighting for it ;
But each one is willing to give up her right,
For they'd rather have nothing than quarrel and fight.

If one of them happens to have something nice,
Directly she offers her sister a slice ;
And not like some greedy children I've known,
Who would go in a corner to eat it alone.

When papa or mamma had a job to be done,
These good little girls would immediately run,
And not stand disputing to which it belong'd,
And grumble and fret, and declare they were wrong'd.

Whatever occur'd in their work or their play,
They are willing to yield and give up their own way;
Then let us all try their example to mind,
And always, like them, be obliging and kind.

MISCHIEF.

LET those who're fond of idle tricks,
Of throwing stones and breaking bricks,
And all that sort of fun ;
Now hear a tale of idle Jim,
That they may warning take by him,
Nor do as he has done.

In harmless sport, and healthful play
He never pass'd his time away,
He took no pleasure in it ;
For mischief was his only joy,
Nor book, nor work, nor even toy
Could please him for a minute.

A neighbour's house he'd slyly pass,
And throw a stone to break the glass.
And then enjoy the joke ;
Or if a window open stood,
He'd throw in stones, or bits of wood,
To frighten all the folk.

If trav'lers passing chanc'd to stay,
Of idle Jim to ask the way,
He never told them right :
And then quite harden'd in his sin,
Rejoic'd to see them taken in,
And laugh'd with all his might.

He'd tie a string across the street,
 So to entangle people's feet,
 And make them tumble down ;
 Indeed, he was dislik'd so much,
 That no good boy would play with such
 A nuisance to the town.

At last the neighbours in despair,
 Could all these tricks no longer bear,
 In short, (to end the tale,)
 The lad was cur'd of all his ways,
 One time, by spending a few days
 Inside the county jail

THE SPIDER.

"O LOOK at that great ugly spider," said Ann,
 And screaming, she knock'd it away with her fan
 "'Tis a great ugly creature, as ever can be,
 I wish that it would not come crawling on me."

"Indeed," said her mother, "I'll venture to say,
 'Twill take care next time not to come in your way ;
 For after the fright, and the fall and the pain,
 I'm sure it has much the most cause to complain.

"Now why should you hate the poor insect, my dear ?
 If it hurt you, there'd be some excuse for your fear ;
 But if it had known where it was going to,
 'Twould have hurried away, and not crawl'd upon you.

"For *them* to fear *us*, is but natural and just,
 Who in less than a moment could tread them to dust :
 But certainly we have no cause for alarm,
 For if they should try, they could do us no harm.

“ Now look—it has got to its home, do you see
 What a fine curious web it has wove in the tree?
 Now this, my dear Ann, is a lesson for you,
 Only see what industry and patience can do.

“ So, when at your bus’ness you idle and play,
 Recollect what you’ve seen of this insect to-day,
 For fear it should even be found to be true,
 That a poor little spider is better than you.”

THE COW AND THE ASS.

HARD by a green meadow a stream us’d to flow,
 So clear one might see the white pebbles below ;
 To this cooling stream the warm cattle would stray,
 To stand in the shade on a hot summer’s day.

A cow quite oppress’d with the heat of the sun,
 Came here to refresh as she often had done ;
 And standing stock still leaning over the stream,
 Was musing, perhaps, or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass, of respectable look,
 Came trotting up also, to taste of the brook,
 And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass :

“ How d’ ye do ?” said the cow, “ how d’ ye do ?” said the
 ass.

“ Take a seat,” cried the cow, gently waving her hand,
 “ By no means, dear madam,” said he, “ while you
 stand ;”

Then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,
 “ Ma’am, your health,” said the ass,—“ Thank you, sir,”
 said the cow.

When a few of their compliments more had been past,
 They laid themselves down on the herbage at last,
 And waiting politely, (as gentlemen must,)
 The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak first.

Then with a deep sigh, she directly began,
 "Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man?
 'Tis a subject that lays with a weight on my mind;
 We certainly are much oppress'd by mankind.

"Now what is the reason? (I see none at all,)
 That I always must go when Suke chooses to call;
 Whatever I'm doing, ('tis certainly hard,)
 At once I must go to be milk'd in the yard.

"I've no will of my own, but must do as they please,
 And give them my milk to make butter and cheese;
 I've often a vast mind to knock down the pail,
 Or give Suke a box of the ears with my tail."

"But, ma'am," said the ass, "not presuming to teach—
 "O dear, I beg pardon,—pray finish your speech;
 I thought you had done, ma'am indeed, (said the swain,)
 Go on, and I'll not interrupt you again."

"Why, sir, I was only a going to observe,
 I'm resolv'd, that these tyrants no longer I'll serve;
 But leave them for ever to do as they please,
 And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese."

Ass waited a moment, to see if she'd done,
 And then, "not presuming to teach, (he begun,)
 With submission, dear madam, to your better wit,
 I own I am not quite convinc'd by it yet.

"That you're of great service to them is quite true,
 But surely they are of some service to you;

'Tis their nice green meadow in which you regale,
They feed you in winter when grass and weeds fail.

"'Tis under their shelter you snugly repose,
When without it, dear ma'am, you perhaps might be
froze.

For my own part, I know I receive much from man,
And for him, in return, I do all that I can."

The cow upon this cast her eyes on the grass,
Not pleas'd at thus being reprov'd by an ass;
Yet, thought she, I'm determin'd I'll benefit by't,
For I really believe that the fellow is right.—JANE.

THE BLIND SAILOR.

A SAILOR with a wooden leg,
A little charity implores;
He holds his tatter'd hat to beg,
Come, let us join our little stores.
Poor sailor! we ourselves might be
As wretched and as poor as thee.

"A thousand thanks, my lady kind,
A thousand blessings on your head;
A flash of lightning struck me blind,
Or else I would not beg my bread.
I pray, that you may never be
As wretched and as poor as me.

"I watch'd amid the stormy blast,
While horrid thunders rent the clouds;
A flash of lightning split the mast,
And danc'd among the bellowing shrouds.

That moment to the deck I fell,
A poor, unhappy spectacle !

“From that tremendous awful night,
I’ve never seen the light of day ;
No—not a spark of glimmering light
Has shone across my darksome way.
That light I valued not before,
Shall bless these wither’d eyes no more.

“ My little dog—a faithful friend,
Who with me cross’d the stormy main,
Doth still my weary path attend,
And comforts me in all my pain ;
He guides me from the miry bog,
My poor, half-famish’d, faithful dog !

“ With this companion at my side,
I travel on my lonely way ;
And God Almighty will provide
A crust to feed us day by day.
Weep not for me, my lady kind,
Almighty God protects the blind.”

THE WORM.

No, little worm, you need not slip
Into your hole, with such a skip ;
Drawing the gravel as you glide
On to your smooth and slimy side.
I’m not a crow, poor worm, not I,
Peeping about, your holes to spy,
And fly away with you in the air,
To give my little ones each a share.

No, and I'm not a rolling-stone,
 Creaking along with hollow groan ;
 Nor am I of the naughty crew,
 Who don't care what poor worms go through,
 But trample on them as they lay,
 Rather than step the other way ;
 Or keep them dangling on a hook,
 Choak'd in a dismal pond or brook,
 'Till some poor fish comes swimming past,
 And finishes their pain at last.
 For my part, I could never bear
 Your tender flesh to hack and tear ;
 Forgetting that poor worms endure
 As much as I should to be sure,
 If any giant should come and jump
 On to my back, and kill me plump,
 Or run my heart through with a scythe,
 And think it fun to see me writhe !

O no, I'm only looking about,
 To see you wriggling in and out,
 And drawing together your slimy rings,
 Instead of feet, like other things ;
 So, little worm, don't slide and slip,
 Into your hole, with such a skip.

FIRE.

WHAT is it that shoots from the mountains so high,
 In many a beautiful spire ?
 What is it that blazes and curls to the sky ?
 This beautiful something is—fire.

Loud noises are heard in the caverns to groan,
 Hot cinders fall thicker than snow ;

Huge stones to a wonderful distance are thrown,
For burning fire rages below.

When Winter blows bleak, and loud bellows the storm,
And frostily twinkles the stars ;
Then bright burns the fire in the chimney so warm,
And the kettle sings shrill on the bars.

Then call the poor trav'ler in, cover'd with snow,
And warm him with charity kind ;
Fire is not so warm as the feelings that glow
In the friendly benevolent mind.

By fire rugged metals are fitted for use,
Iron, copper, gold, silver, and tin ;
Without its assistance, we could not produce
So much as a minikin pin.

Fire rages with fury wherever it comes,
If only one spark should be dropp'd,
Whole houses, or cities, sometimes it consumes,
Where its violence cannot be stopp'd.

And when the great morning of judgment shall rise
How wide will its blazes be curl'd !
With heat, fervent heat, it shall melt down the skies,
And burn up this beautiful world.

AIR.

WHAT is it that winds about over the world,
Spread thin like a covering fair ?
Into each crack and crevice 'tis artfully cur'd ;
This sly little fluid is—air.

In summer's still evening how peaceful it floats,
When not a leaf moves on the spray ;
And no sound is heard but the nightingale's notes.
And merry gnats dancing away.

The village bells glide on its bosom serene,
And steal in sweet cadence along ;
The shepherd's soft pipe warbles over the green,
And the cottage girls join in the song.

But when winter blows, then it bellows aloud,
And roars in the northerly blast ;
With fury drives onward the snowy blue cloud,
And cracks the tall, tapering mast.

The sea rages wildly, and mounts to the skies,
In billows and fringes of foam ;
And the sailor in vain turns his pitiful eyes
Towards his dear, peaceable home.

When fire lies and smothers, or gnaws thro' the beam,
Air forces it fiercer to glow ;
And engines in vain in cold torrents may stream,
Unless the wind ceases to blow.

In the forest, it tears up the sturdy old oak,
That many a tempest had known ;
The tall mountain's pine into splinters is broke,
And over the precipice blown.

And yet, though it rages with fury so wild,
On the solid earth, water, or fire,
Without its assistance the tenderest child,
Would struggle, and gasp, and expire.

Pure air, pressing into the curious clay,
Gave life to these bodies at first :

And when in the bosom it ceases to play
We crumble again to our dust.



EARTH.

WHAT is it that's cover'd so richly with green,
And gives to the forest its birth?
A thousand plants bloom on its bosom serene;
Whose bosom?—the bosom of earth.

Hidden deep in its bowels the emerald shines,
The ruby, and amethyst blue;
And silver and gold glitter bright in the mines
Of Mexico rich, and Peru.

Large quarries of granite and marble are spread
In its wonderful bosom, like bones;
Chalks, gravel, and coals, salt, sulphur, and lead,
And thousands of beautiful stones.

Beasts, savage and tame, of all colours and forms,
Either stalk in its deserts, or creep;
White bears set and growl to the northerly storms,
And shaggy goats bound from the steep.

The oak, and the snowdrop, the cedar, and rose,
Alike on its bosom are seen;
The tall fir of Norway, surrounded with snows,
And the mountain-ash scarlet and green.

Fine grass and rich mosses creep over its hills,
A thousand flowers breathe in the gale;
Tall water-weeds dip in its murmuring rills,
And harvests wave bright in the vale.

And when this poor body is cold and decay'd,
And this warm throbbing heart is at rest,
My head upon thee, mother Earth, shall be laid,
To find a long home in thy breast.

WATER.

WHAT is it that glitters so clear and serene,
Or dances in billows so white?
Ships skimming along on its surface, are seen—
'Tis water that glitters so bright.

Sea-weeds wind about in its cavities wet,
The pearl-oyster quietly sleeps ;
A thousand fair shells, yellow, amber, and jet,
And coral, glow red in its deeps.

Whales lash the white foam in their frolicksome wrath,
While hoarsely the winter wind roars ;
And shoals of green mackerel stretch from the north,
And wander along by our shores.

When tempests sweep over its bosom serene,
Like mountains its billows arise ;
The ships now appear to be buried between,
And now carry'd up to the skies.

It gushes out clear from the sides of the hill,
And sparkles right down from the steep :
Then waters the valley, and roars through the mill,
And wanders in many a sweep.

The trav'ler that crosses the desert so wide,
Hot, weary, and stifled with dust,
Longs often to stoop at some rivulet's side,
To quench in its waters his thirst.

The stately white swan glides along on its breast,
Nor ruffles its surface serene;
And the duckling unfledg'd waddles out of its nest
To dabble in ditch-water green.

The clouds blown about in the chilly blue sky,
Vast cisterns of water contain;
Like snowy white feathers in winter they fly,
In summer stream gently in rain.

When sun-beams so bright on the falling drops shine,
The rainbow enlivens the shower,
And glows in the heavens, a beautiful sign,
That water shall drown us no more.

TIT FOR TAT.

TIT for tat is a very bad word,
As frequently people apply it;
It means, as I've usually heard,
They intend to revenge themselves by it.
There is but one place where 'tis proper and pat,
And there, I permit them, to say 'tit for tat.'

Poor Dobbin, that toils with his load,
Or gallops with master or man,
Don't lash him so fast on the road,
You see he does all that he can:
How long has he serv'd you? do recollect that,
And treat him with kindness; 'tis but 'tit for tat.'

Poor Brindle, that lashes her tail,
And trudges home morning and night,
Till Dolly appears with her pail,
To milk out the fluid so white;

Don't kick her poor haunches, or beat her, and that,
To be kind to poor Brindle is but 'tit for tat.'

Gray Donkey, the sturdy old ass,
That jogs with his panniers so wide,
And wants but a mouthful of grass,
Or perhaps a green thistle beside :
Don't load him so heavy, he can't carry that :
Poor Donkey, I'm sure they forget 'tit for tit.'

There's honest old Tray in the yard,
What courage and zeal has he shown !
'Twould surely be cruelly hard,
Not to cast the poor fellow a bone.
How fiercely he barks at the robbers, and that,
I'm sure, that to starve him, is not 'tit for tat.'

Poor Puss, that runs mewling about,
Her white belly sweeping the ground ;
The mother abus'd and kick'd out,
And her innocent little ones drown'd ;
Whenever she catches the mischievous rat,
Be kind to poor Pussy, 'tis but 'tit for tat.

Whatever shows kindness to us,
With kindness we ought to repay ;
Brindle, Donkey, Tray, Dobbin, and Puss,
And ev'ry thing else in its way ;
In cases like these, it is proper and pat,
To make use of this maxim, and say, 'tit for tat.

JANE AND ELIZA.

THERE were two little girls, neither handsome nor plain,
One's name was Eliza, the other's was Jane ;
They were both of one height, as I've heard people say,
And both of an age, I believe, to a day.

'TWAS thought by most people, who slightly had seen
them,
There was not a pin to be chosen between them ;
But no one for long in this notion persisted,
So great a distinction there *really* existed.

Eliza knew well, that she could not be pleasing,
While fretting and fuming, while sulky or teasing ;
And therefore in company artfully tried,
Not to *break* her bad habits but only to *hide*.

So when she was out, with much labour and pain,
She contriv'd to look *almost* as pleasing as Jane ;
But I'm sure you'd have laugh'd to have known all the
while,
How her mouth would oft ache while she forc'd it to
smile.

But in spite of her care, it would sometime befall,
That some cross event happen'd to ruin it all,
And because it might chance that her share was the
worst,
Her temper broke loose, and her dimples dispers'd.

But Jane, who had nothing she wanted to hide,
And therefore these troublesome arts never tried ;
Had none of the care and fatigue of concealing,
But her face always show'd what her bosom'was feeling.

The smiles that upon her sweet countenance were,
 At home or abroad, they were constantly there ;
 And Eliza work'd hard, but could never obtain,
 The affection that freely was given to Jane.

ELIZA AND JANE.

CHEER up, my young friends, I have better news now,
 Eliza has driven the scowl from her brow ;
 And finding she paid to get *nothing* so dearly,
 Determin'd at last to be good-natured *really*.

'Twas a great deal of trouble at first, I confess,
 Her temper would rise, and 'twas hard to repress ;
 But being a girl of some sense and discerning,
 She would not be stopp'd by the trouble of turning.

Ten times in a day she'd her work to begin,
 When passion or fretfulness begg'd to come in ;
 But determin'd to see their vile faces no more,
 She sent them off packing, and bolted the door.

Sometimes she would kneel in her chamber, and pray
 That God in his mercy would take them away ;
 And God, who is pleas'd with a penitent's cry,
 Bow'd down in compassion, and help'd her to try.

The smiles that now beam on her countenance fair,
 At home and abroad, they are constantly there ;
 And Eliza no longer is forc'd to complain,
 That she is not belov'd like her play-fellow Jane.

THE BABY.

SAFE sleeping on its mother's breast,
The smiling babe appears,
Now sweetly sinking into rest,
Now wash'd in sudden tears.
Hush, hush, my little baby dear,
There's nobody to hurt thee here:

Without a mother's tender care,
The little thing must die,
Its chubby hands too feeble are
One service to supply ;
And not a tittle does it know
What kind of world 'tis come into.

The lamb sports gaily on the grass,
When scarcely born a day ;
The foal, beside its mother ass,
Trots frolicksome away ;
And not a creature, tame or wild,
Is half so helpless as a child.

To nurse the Dolly, gaily dress'd,
And stroke its flaxen hair,
Or ring the coral at its waist,
With silver bells so fair,
Is all the little creature can,
That is so soon to be a man.

Full many a summer's sun must glow,
And lighten up the skies,
Before its tender limbs can grow
To any thing of size ;
And all the while the mother's eye
Must every little want supply.

THE
PIT-
TULSA
OKLAHOMA
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ORIGINAL POEMS.



POOR OLD MAN. P. 135.

Then surely, when each little limb
Shall grow to healthy size,
And youth and manhood strengthen him
For toil and enterprize,
His mother's kindness is a debt
He never, never will forget.

THE POOR OLD MAN.

AH! who is it totters along,
And leans on the top of his stick?
His wrinkles are many and long,
And his beard is grown silver and thick.

No vigour enlivens his frame,
No cheerfulness beams in his eye,
His limbs are enfeebled and lame,
And I think he is going to die.

They tell me he once was as young,
As gay, and as cheerful as I,
That he danc'd the green wood walks among,
And caroll'd his songs to the sky:

That he clamber'd high over the rocks,
To search where the sea-bird had been,
And follow'd his frolicsome flocks,
Up and down, on the mountain so green.

But now what a change there appears!
How alter'd his figure and face!
Bent low with a number of years,
How feeble and slow is his pace!

He thought, a few winters ago,
Old age was a great while to come,

And it seems but as yesterday now,
That he frolic'd in vigour and bloom.

He thought, it was time enough yet,
For death and the grave to prepare,
And seem'd all his life to forget
How fast time would carry him there.
He sported in spirits and ease,
And religion thought troublesome stuff,
Till all in a hurry he sees,
That he has not got half time enough.

Now weak with disorder and years,
And tottering into the dust,
He wishes with penitent tears,
He had minded religion at first ;
He weeps, and he trembles, and prays,
And wishes his life to return,
But alas ! he has wasted the blaze,
And now it no longer will burn.



THE NOTORIOUS GLUTTON.

A DUCK, who had got such a habit of stuffing,
That all the day long she was panting and puffing ;
And by every creature, who did her great crop see,
Was thought to be galloping fast for a dropsy.

One day, after eating a plentiful dinner,
With full twice as much as there should have been in
her,
While up to her eyes in the gutter a roaking,
Was greatly alarm'd by the symptoms of choking.

Now there was an old fellow, much fam'd for discerning,
 (A drake who had taken a liking for learning,)
 And high in repute with his feathery friends,
 Was call'd Dr. Drake—for this doctor she sends.

In a hole of the dung-hill was Dr. Drake's shop,
 Where he kept a few simples for curing the crop;
 Some gravel and pebbles to help the digestion,
 And certain fam'd plants of the doctor's selection.

So, taking a handful of comical things,
 And brushing his topple and pluming his wings,
 And putting his feathers in apple-pie order,
 Set out to prescribe for the lady's disorder.

“Dear sir,” said the duck, with a delicate quack,
 Just turning a little way round on her back,
 And leaning her head on a stone in the yard,
 “My case, Dr. Drake, is exceedingly hard.

“I feel so distended with wind, and oppress'd,
 So squeamish and faint—such a load at my chest;
 And day after day I assure you it is hard,
 To suffer with patience these pains in my gizzard.”

“Give me leave,” said the doctor, with medical look,
 As her flabby cold paw in his fingers he took;
 “By the feel of your pulse—your complaint, I've been
 thinking,
 Is caus'd by your habits of eating and drinking.”

“Oh! no, sir, believe me,” the lady replied,
 (Alarm'd for her stomach, as well as her pride),
 “I am sure it arises from nothing I eat,
 For I rather suspect, I got wet in my feet.

“I’ve only been raking a bit in the gutter,
 Where the cook had been pouring some cold melted
 butter;
 And a slice of green cabbage, and scraps of cold meat,
 Just a trifle or two that I thought I could eat.”

The doctor was just to his bus’ness proceeding,
 By gentle emetics, a blister, and bleeding,
 When all on a sudden she roll’d on her side,
 Gave a horrible quackle, a struggle, and died!

Her remains were interr’d in a neighbouring swamp,
 By her friends, with a great deal of funeral pomp;
 But I’ve heard, this inscription her tombstone was put on
 “Here lies Mrs. Duck, the notorious glutton:”
 And all the young ducklings are brought by their friends,
 To learn the disgrace in which gluttony ends.

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE’S COMPLAINT.

I’m a helpless crippled child,
 Gentle Christians pity me:
 Once in rosy health I smil’d,
 Blythe and gay as you can be,
 And upon the village green,
 First in every sport was seen.

Now, alas! I’m weak and low,
 Cannot either work or play;
 Tott’ring on my crutches slow,
 Drag along my weary way;
 Now, no longer dance and sing,
 Gaily in the merry ring.

Many sleepless nights I live,
Turning on my weary bed:
Softest pillows cannot give
Slumber to my aching head:
Constant anguish makes it fly,
From my wakeful, heavy eye.

And when morning beams return,
Still no comfort beams for me;
Still my limbs with fever burn,
Painful shoots my crippled knee,
And another tedious day
Passes slow and sad away.

From my chamber windows high,
Lifted to my easy chair,
I the village green can spy—
Once I us'd to follow there,
March, or beat my new-bought drum:
Happy times! no more to come.

There I see my fellows gay,
Sporting on the daisied turf,
And midst their cheerful play,
Stopp'd by many a merry laugh;
But the sight I cannot bear,
Leaning in my easy chair.

Let not then the scoffing eye,
Laugh, my twisted leg to see:
Gentle Christian passing by,
Stop awhile and pity me,
And for you I'll breathe a pray'r,
Leaning in my easy chair.



POOR DONKEY'S EPITAPH.

Down in this ditch poor Donkey lies,
 Who jogg'd with many a load ;
 And till the day death clos'd his eyes,
 Brows'd up and down this road.

No shelter had he for his head,
 Whatever winds might blow ;
 A neighbouring common was his bed,
 Though dress'd in sheets of snow.

In this green ditch he often stray'd
 To nip the dainty grass ;
 And friendly invitations bray'd,
 To some more hungry ass.

Each market day he jogg'd along
 Beneath the gard'ner's load,
 And snor'd out many a Donkey's song
 To friends upon the road.

A tuft of grass, a thistle green,
 Or cabbage-leaf so sweet,

Were all the dainties he was seen
For twenty years to eat.

And as for sport—the sober soul
Was such a steady Jack,
He only now and then would roll,
Heels upwards on his back.

But all his sport and dainties too,
And labours now are o'er,
Last night so bleak a tempest blew,
He could withstand no more.

He felt his feeble limbs benumb'd,
His blood was freezing slow ;
And presently he tumbled plump,
Stone dead upon the snow.

Poor Donkey ! trav'lers passing by,
Thy cold remains shall see ;
And 'twould be well, if all who die
Had work'd as hard as thee.—ANN.

THE ORPHAN.

My father and mother are dead,
No friend or relation I have :
And now the cold earth is their bed,
And daisies grow over the grave.

I cast my eyes into the tomb,
The sight made me bitterly cry ;
I said, and is this the dark room
Where my father and mother must lie.

I cast my eyes round me again,
 In hopes some protector to see ;
 Alas ! but the search was in vain,
 For none had compassion on me.

I cast my eyes up to the sky,
 I groan'd, though I said not a word ;
 Yet God was not deaf to my cry,
 The friend of the fatherless heard.

Oh yes—and he graciously smil'd,
 And bid me on him to depend ;
 He whisper'd fear not, little child,
 For I am thy father and friend.—JANE.

RISING IN THE MORNING.

THRICE welcome to my op'ning eyes
 The morning beam, which bids me rise
 To all the joys of youth :
 For thy protection whilst I slept,
 Oh Lord, my humble thanks accept,
 And bless my lips with truth.

Like cheerful birds, as I begin
 This day, O keep my soul from sin—
 And all things shall be well.
 Thou gav'st me health, and clothes, and food,
 Preserve me innocent and good
 Till evening curfew* bell.

* Curfew Bell was ordered by king William to be rung at eight o'clock at night, at the sound of which all fire and light was to be extinguished. Curfew comes from the French *couvre*, to cover, and *feu* fire.

GOING TO BED AT NIGHT.

RECEIVE my body, pretty bed ;
 Soft pillow, O receive my head,
 And thanks my parents kind :
 Those comforts who for me provide,
 Their precept still shall be my guide,
 Their love I'll keep in mind.

My hours mispent this day I rue,
 My good things done how very few !
 Forgive my faults, O Lord !
 This night if in thy grace I rest,
 To-morrow I may rise refresh'd,
 To keep thy holy word.

FRANCES KEEPS HER PROMISE.

My Fanny I have news to tell,
 Your diligence quite pleases me,
 You've work'd so neatly, read so well,
 With cousin Jane you may drink tea.

But pray, my dear, remember this,
 Although to stay you should incline,
 Though warmly press'd by each kind Miss,
 I wish you to return by nine.

With many thanks, the little child
 Assur'd mamma she would obey ;
 When wash'd and dress'd she kiss'd and smil'd,
 And with the maid she went away.

When reach'd her cousin's, she was shown
 To where her little friends were met,

And when her coming was made known,
Around her flock'd the cheerful set.

They dance, they play and sweetly sing,
In ev'ry sport each child partakes,
And now the servants sweatmeats bring,
With wines and jellies, fruit and cakes.

In comes papa, and says—" My dears,
The magic lanthorn if you'd see,
And that which on the wall appears,
Leave off your play, and follow me.

Whilst Frances too enjoy'd the sight,
Where moving figures all combine
To raise her wonder and delight,
She hears the parlour clock strike nine.

The boy walks in, " Miss, Ann is come,"—
" O dear how soon !" the children cry ;
They press, but Fanny will go home,
And bids her little friends good bye.

" My dear mamma, am I not good ?"
" You are indeed," mamma replies,
" But when you said, I knew you would
Return, and thus you've won a prize.

" This way, my love, and see the man
Whom I desir'd at nine to call :"
Down stairs young Frances swiftly ran,
And found him waiting in the hall.

" Here, Miss, are pretty birds to buy,
A parrot or maccaw so gay ;
A speckled dove with scarlet eye,
But quickly choose, I cannot stay.

“Would you a Java sparrow love?”

“No, no, I thank you,” said the child;

“I’ll have a beauteous cooing dove,
So harmless, innocent, and mild!”

“Your choice, my Fanny, I commend,
No bird can with the dove compare,

But lest it pine without a friend,
You may, my dear, choose out a pair.”

MY OLD SHOES.

YOU’RE now too old for me to wear, poor shoes,
And yet I will not sell you to the Jews :
Yon wand’ring little boy must barefoot go
Through mud and rain, and nipping frost and snow ,
And as he walks along the road or street,
The flint is sharp, and cuts his tender feet.
My shoes, though old, might save him many a pain,
And should I sell them what might be my gain ?
A sixpence, that would buy some foolish toy—
No, take these shoes, poor, shiv’ring, barefoot boy.

TO GEORGE PULLING BUDS.

DON’T pull that bud, it yet may grow

As fine a flow’r as this ;

Had this been pull’d a month ago,

We should its beauties miss.

You are yourself a bud, my blooming boy,

Weigh well the consequence ere you destroy,

Lest for a present paltry sport, you kill a future joy.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A CHARMING present comes from town,
A baby-house quite neat ;
With kitchen, parlours, dining-room,
And chambers all complete.

A gift to Emma and to Rose,
From grand-papa it came ;
Till little Rosa smil'd delight,
And Emma did the same.

They eagerly examin'd all,
The furniture was gay ;
And in the rooms they plac'd their dolls,
When dress'd in fine array.

At night their little candles lit,
And as they must be fed,
To supper down the dolls were plac'd,
And then were put to bed.

Thus Rose and Emma pass'd each hour,
Devoted to their play ;
And long were cheerful, happy, kind,
No cross disputes had they.

Till Rose in baby-house would change
The chairs which were below,
"This carpet they will better suit ;
I think I'll have it so."

"No, no, indeed," her sister said,
"I'm older, Rose, than you ;
And I'm the pet : the house is mine,
Miss, what I say is true."

The quarrel grew to such a height,
Mamma she heard the noise,
And coming in, beheld the floor
All strew'd with broken toys.

“O fie, my Emma! naughty Rose!
Say, why thus sulk and pout?
Remember this is New-Year's day,
And both are going out.”

Now Betty calls the little girls,
“Ho! come up stairs and dress;”
They still revile, with threats and taunts,
And angry rage express.

But just prepar'd to leave their room,
Persisting yet in strife,
Rose sick'ning fell on Betty's lap,
As void of sense or life.

Mamma appear'd at Betty's call;
John for the Doctor goes;
The measles, he begins to think,
Dread symptoms all disclose.

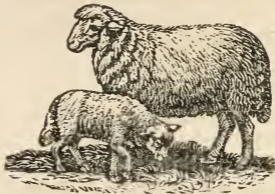
“But though I stay, my Emma, you
May go and spend the day.”

“O no, mamma,” replied the child,
“Do suffer me to stay.”

“Beside my sister's bed I'll sit,
And watch her with such care,
No pleasure can I e'er enjoy,
'Till she my pleasure share.”

“How silly now seems our dispute,
Not one of us she knows:

How pale she looks, how hard she breathes,
 Poor pretty little Rose !”



THE CRUEL THORN.

A BIT of wool sticks here upon this thorn,
 Ah, cruel thorn, to tear it from the sheep !
 And yet, perhaps, with pain its fleece was worn,
 Its coat so thick, a hot and cumb'rous heap.

The wool a little bird takes in his bill,
 And with it up to yonder tree he flies :
 A nest he's building there, with matchless skill,
 Compact and close, that cold and rain defies.

To line that nest, the wool so soft and warm,
 Preserves the eggs which hold its tender young ;
 And when they're hatch'd, that wool will keep from harm
 The callow brood, until they're fledg'd and strong.

Thus birds find use for what the sheep can spare ;
 In this, my child, a wholesome moral spy,
 And when the poor shall crave, thy plenty share ;
 Let thy abundance thus their wants supply.

NIMBLE DICK.

My boy be cool, do things by rule,
 And then you'll do them right,
 A story true I'll tell to you,
 'Tis of a luckless wight.

He'd never wait, was ever late,
 Because he was so quick ;
 This shatter-brain did thus obtain
 The name of Nimble Dick.

All in his best young Dick was dress'd,
 Cries he, "I'm very dry!"
 Though glass and jug, and china mug,
 On sideboard stood hard by ;

With skip and jump unto the pump
 With open'd mouth, he goes,
 The water out ran from the spout,
 And wetted all his clothes.

A fine tureen, as e'er was seen,
 On dinner-table stood :
 Says John, "'tis hot :"—says Dick, "'tis not ;
 I know the soup is good."

"His brother bawl'd, yourself you'll scald ;
 O Dick, you're so uncouth !"
 Dick fill'd his spoon, and then as soon
 Convey'd it to his mouth.

And soon about he spurts it out,
 And cries, "O wicked soup !"
 His mother chid, his father bid
 Him from the table troop.

All in dispatch, he made a match
To run a race with Bill ;
“ My boy,” said he, “ I’ll win, you’ll see ;
I’ll beat you, that I will.”

With merry heart, now off they start,
Like ponies full in speed ;
Soon Bill he pass’d, for very fast
This Dicky ran indeed.

But hurry all, Dick got a fall,
And whilst he sprawling lay,
Bill reach’d the post, and Dicky lost,
And Billy won the day.

“ Bring here my pad,” now cries the lad,
Unto the servant John ;
“ I’ll mount astride, this day I’ll ride,
So put the saddle on.”

No time to waste, ’twas brought in haste,
Dick long’d to have it back’d ;
With spur and boot on leg and foot,
His whip he loudly crack’d.

The mane he grasp’d, the crupper clasp’d,
And leap’d up from the ground ;
All smart and spruce, the girt was loose,
He turn’d the saddle round.

Then down he came, the scoff and shame
Of all the standers by :
Poor Dick, alack ! upon his back,
Beneath the horse did lie.

Still slow and sure, success secure,
And be not over quick :

For method's sake, a warning take
From hasty nimble Dick.

THE LINNET'S NEST.

My linnet's nest, O will you buy?
They're nearly fledg'd—Ah! no, not I:
I'll not encourage wicked boys
To rob a parent of its joys;
Those darling joys, to feed its young,
To see them grow up brisk and strong.

With care the tender brood to nourish,
To see them plume, and perch and flourish;
To hear them chirp, to hear them sing,
To see them try the little wing,
To view them chaunting on the tree
The charming song of liberty.

I do not love to see them mope
Within a cage, devoid of hope,
And all the joys that freedom gives:
The pris'ner's sonnet only grieves.
I love their song, yet give to me
The cheerful note that sings, "I'm free!"

THE ITALIAN GRAYHOUND.

LIGHTLY as the rose leaves fall,
By the zephyr scatter'd round;
Let thy feet, when thee I call,
Patting softly touch the ground.

Happy I to think thou'rt mine!

Gentle grayhound come apace;
Beauty's form in ev'ry line,
Ev'ry attitude is grace.

Speaking eyes thou hast—why shrink?

'Neath my hand why tremble so?
Beauteous grayhound, dost thou think
Harm from me?—believe me, no.

Cruel dogs and savage men

Hunt a wretched hare for miles,
Guiltless grayhound, here lie then,
Curse thy mistress for her smiles.

THE USE OF SIGHT.

“WHAT, Charles return'd!” papa exclaim'd;
“How short your walk has been!
But Thomas—Julia—where are they?
Come, tell me what you've seen.”

“So tedious, stupid, dull a walk!”
Said Charles, “I'll go no more;
First stopping here, then lagging there,
O'er this and that to pore.

“I cross'd the fields near Woodland House,
And just went up the hill;
Then by the river side came down,
Near Mr. Fairplay's mill.”

Now Tom and Julia both ran in,

“O dear papa,” said they,
“The sweetest walk we both have had,
O what a pleasant day!”

“Near Woodland House we cross’d the fields,
And by the mill we came.”

“Indeed!” exclaim’d papa, “how’s this?
Your brother took the same.

“But very dull he found the walk,
What have you there? let’s see;
Come, Charles, enjoy this charming treat,
As new to you as me.”

“First look, papa, at this small branch,
Which on a tall oak grew,
And by its slimy berries white
The mistletoe we knew.

“A bird all green, ran up a tree,
A woodpecker we call,
Who, with his strong bill, wounds the bark
To feed on insects small.

“And many lapwings cry’d ‘peewit!’
And one among the rest,
Pretended lameness to decoy
Us from her lowly nest.

“Young starlings, martins, swallows, all
Such lovely flocks, so gay!
A heron too, who caught a fish,
And with it flew away:

“This bird we found, a king fisher,
Though dead, his plumes how bright!—
To have him stuff’d, my dear papa,
’Twill be a charming sight.

“When reach’d the heath, how wide the space,
The air how fresh and sweet;

We pluck'd these flow'rs and diff'rent heaths
The fairest we could meet.

“ The distant prospect we admir'd,
The mountains far and blue ;
A mansion here, a cottage there,
See, here's the sketch we drew.

“ A splendid sight we next beheld ;
The glorious setting sun,
In clouds of crimson, purple, gold,
His daily race was done.”

“ True taste and knowledge,” said papa,
By observation's gain'd ;
You've both us'd well the gift of sight,
And thus reward obtain'd.

“ My Julia in this desk will find
A drawing-box quite new ;
This spy-glass, Tom, you oft desir'd,
I think it now your due.

“ And pretty toys and pretty gifts
For Charles too shall be bought,
When he can see the works of God,
And prize them as he ought.”

THE MORNING TASK.

SIT to your books, the father said,
Nor play nor trifle, laugh nor talk ;
And when at noon you've spelt and read,
I'll take you all a pleasant walk.

He left the room, the boys sat still,
Each gravely bent upon his task;
But soon the youngest, little Will,
Of this and that would teasing ask.

“I’ve lost my ball,” the prattler cry’d,
“Have either of you seen my ball?”
“Pray mind your book,” young Charles reply’d,
“Your noisy talk disturbs us all.
Remember now what we were told,
The time, I warn you, Will, draws near.”
“And what care I?” said Will so bold,
“You, Charles, I neither mind nor fear.”

He spun his top, he smack’d his whip,
At marbles also he would play,
And round the room he chose to skip,
And thus his hours he threw away.
But at the window what comes in?
A lovely painted butterfly!
“A prize! a prize that I will win,”
Young William loud is heard to cry.

Quick on the table up he leaps,
Then on the chairs and sofa springs;
Now there, now here, he softly creeps,
And now his books and hat he flings.
The brilliant insect flutter’d round,
And out again it gaily flew;
Then through the window, with a bound,
Will jump’d, and said, “I’ll soon have you.”

From flow’r to flow’r the boy it led,
He still pursu’d the pretty thing,
Away it sprang from bed to bed,
Now sipping dew, now on the wing.

And to the fields it took its flight,
He thought the prize was worth the chase,
O'er hedge and ditch, with all his might,
He follow'd up the pleasing race.

To catch it he was much perplex'd,
The insect now was seen no more ;
Whilst standing thus confounded, vex'd,
He hears the village clock strike four.
T'wards home he hasten'd at the sound,
All shame, surprise, and fear, and doubt,
Nor sisters, brothers could be found,
He asks, and hears they're all gone out.

With sorrow struck, when this was told,
He cried—in sadness down he sat :
Now o'er the stones a carriage roll'd,
And at the door came, rat tat tat.
And from the coach the girls and boys
Stepp'd out, all smiling, pleas'd, and gay,
With books and dolls and pretty toys,
Bats, ninepins, hoops, and kites had they.

“ Why, Will, my boy !” the father said,
“ Come hither, child, but wherefore cry ;
Don't droop your face, why hang your head ?
Let's see the pretty butterfly.
I kept my promise, home I came,
According to my first intent ;
You broke your word, and yours the shame,
We then without you shopping went.”

THE OAK.

THE oak for grandeur, strength, and noble size,
 Excels all trees that in the forest grow ;
 From acorn small that trunk, those branches rise,
 To which such signal benefits we owe.
 Behold what shelter in its ample shade,
 From noon-tide sun, or from the drenching rain ;
 And of its timber staunch, vast ships are made,
 To sweep rich cargoes o'er the wat'ry main

CARELESS MATILDA.

AGAIN, Matilda, is your work astray,
 Your thimble gone ! your scissars, where are they ?
 Your needles, pins, your thread, and tapes all lost—
 Your housewife here, and there your work-bag tost.
 Fie, fie, my child ! indeed this will not do,
 Your hair uncomb'd, your frock in tatters too ·
 I'm now resolv'd no more delays to grant,
 This day I'll send you to your stern old aunt.
 In vain Matilda wept, repented, pray'd,
 In vain a promise of amendment made.

Arriv'd at Austere Hall, Matilda sigh'd,
 By Lady Rigid when severely eyed ;
 " You read and write, and work well, as I'm told,
 Are gentle, kind, good-natur'd, far from bold ;
 But very careless, negligent, and wild,
 When you leave me, you'll be a diff'rent child."

The little girl next morn a favour asks,
 " I wish to take a walk."—" Go learn your tasks !"

The lady harsh replies, "nor cry nor whine,
Your room you leave not till you're call'd to dine."
As thus Matilda sat, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
A dame appear'd, Disorder was her name :
Her hair and dress neglected, soil'd her face,
She squinted, leer'd, and hobbled in her pace.
"Here, child," she said, "my mistress sends you this,
A bag of silks—a flower not work'd amiss—
A polyanthus bright and wondrous gay,
You'll copy it by noon, she bade me say,"
Disorder grinn'd, then shuffling walked away.
Entangled were the silks of every hue,
Confus'd and mix'd were shades of pink, green, blue,
She took a thread, compar'd it with the flower.
"To finish this is not within my power.
Well sorted silks had Lady Rigid sent,
I might have work'd, if such was her intent."
She sigh'd, and melted into sobs and tears,
She hears a noise—and at the door appears
A pretty maiden, clean, well dress'd, and neat,
Her voice was soft, her looks sedate, yet sweet :
"My name is Order ; do not cry, my love ;
Attend to me and thus you may improve."
She took the silks, and drew out shade by shade,
In sep'rate skeins each hue with care she laid ;
Then smiling kindly left the little maid.

Matilda now resumes her sweet employ,
And sees the flower complete—how great her joy!
She leaves the room—"I've done my task," she cries,
The lady look'd with disbelieving eyes,
But soon her harshness chang'd to glad surprise.
"Why, this is well ! a very pretty flower,
Work'd clean, exact, and done within the hour,
And now amuse yourself, ride, walk or play."
Thus pass'd Matilda this much dreaded day.

At all her tasks Disorder would attend,
At all her tasks still Order stood her friend.
With tears and sighs her studies oft began,
These into smiles were chang'd by Order's plan ;
No longer Lady Rigid seem'd severe,
Her looks the negligent alone need fear.

And now the day, the wish'd for day is come,
When young Matilda's suffer'd to go home ;
"You quit me, child, but oft to mind recall,
The time you spent with me at Austere Hall.
And now, my dear, I'll give you one of these,
Your servant she will be—take which you please.
From me, Disorder ask'd, old friend, why start ?
Matilda clasp'd sweet Order to her heart,
My dearest girl, she said, we'll never part.

THE MUSHROOM GIRL.

'Tis surely time for me to rise,
Though yet the dawn be gray ;
Sweet sleep, O quit my closing eyes,
For I must now away,
The young birds twitter on the spray.

It is not for the dewy mead
I leave my soft repose,
Where daisies nod and lambkins feed,
But where the mushroom grows,
And that the sportive fairy knows.

I'll rove the wide heath far and near,
Of mushrooms fine in quest ;

But you remain, kind mother, here,
 Lie still and take your rest,
 Though we're with poverty oppress'd.

No toad-stool in my basket found;
 My mushrooms when I sell,
 I'll buy us bread, our labour's crown'd,
 Then let our neighbours tell,
 That you and I live wond'rous well.

BEASTS, BIRDS, AND FISHES.

THE Dog will come, when he is call'd,
 The Cat will walk away;
 The Monkey's cheek is very bald,
 The Goat is fond of play.
 The Parrot is a prate-apace,
 Yet knows not what she says;
 The noble Horse will win the race,
 Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice,
 The Squirrel loves a nut;
 The Wolf will eat you in a trice,
 The Buzzard's eyes are shut.
 The Lark sings high up in the air,
 The Linnet on the tree;
 The Swan he has a bosom fair,
 And who so proud as he?

O yes, the Peacock is more proud,
 Because his tail has eyes,
 The Lion roars so very loud,
 He fills you with surprise.

The Raven's coat is shining black,
 Or rather raven gray,
 The Camel's bunch is on his back,
 The Owl abhors the day.

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe,
 The Elephant is wise,
 The Blackbird charms you with his pipe,
 The false Hyena cries.
 The Hen guards well her little chicks,
 The useful Cow is meek,
 The Beaver builds with mud and sticks,
 The Lapwing loves to squeak.

The little Wren is very small,
 The Humming Bird is less ; - -
 The Lady-bird is least of all,
 And beautiful in dress.
 The Pelican she loves her young,
 The Stork his father loves ;
 The Woodcock's bill is very long,
 And innocent are Doves.

The spotted Tiger's fond of blood,
 The Pigeons feed on peas,
 The Duck will gobble in the mud,
 The Mice will eat your cheese.
 A Lobster's black, when boil'd he's red
 The harmless Lamb must bleed,
 The Codfish has a clumsy head,
 The Goose on grass will feed.

The lady in her gown of silk,
 The little Worm may thank,
 The sick man drinks the Ass's milk,
 The Weazel's long and lank

The Buck gives us a venison dish,
 When hunted for the spoil;
 The Shark eats up the little fish,
 The Whale he gives us oil.

The Glow-worm shines the darkest night,
 With candle in its tail:
 The Turtle is the cit's delight,
 It wears a coat of mail.
 In Germany they hunt the Boar,
 The Bee brings honey home,
 The Ant lays up a winter store,
 The Bears love honey-comb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak,
 The Plaice has orange spots:
 The Starling, if he's taught, will speak,
 The Ostrich walks and trots.
 The child that does not these things know,
 May yet be thought a dunce;
 But I will up in knowledge grow,
 As youth can come but once.—ADELAIDE.

THE SPIDER AND HIS WIFE.

IN a little dark crack, half a yard from the ground,
 An honest old spider resided:
 So pleasant and snug, and convenient 'twas found,
 That his friends came to see it from many miles round;
 It seem'd for his pleasure provided.

Of the cares, and fatigues, and distresses of life,
 This spider was thoroughly tir'd;
 So leaving those scenes of contention and strife,
 (His children all settled) he came with his wife,
 To live in this cranny retir'd.

He thought that the little his wife would consume,
 Twould be easy for him to provide her,
 Forgetting he liv'd in a gentleman's room,
 Where came, ev'ry morning, a maid and a broom,
 Those pitiless foes to a spider!

For when, (as sometimes it would chance to befall,)
 Just when his neat web was completed,
 Brush—came the great broom down the side of the wall,
 And, perhaps, carried with it web, spider, and all,
 He thought himself cruelly treated.

One day, when their cupboard was empty and dry,
 His wife, (Mrs. Hairy-leg Spinner,)
 Said to him, "Dear, go to the cobweb and try
 If you can't find the leg or the wing of a fly,
 As a bit of a relish for dinner."

Directly he went, his long search to resume,
 (For nothing he ever denied her,)
 Alas! little guessing his terrible doom,
 Just then came the gentleman into his room,
 And saw the unfortunate spider.

So, while the poor fellow, in search of his pelf,
 In the cobwebs continued to linger,
 The gentleman reach'd a long cane from the shelf,
 (*For certain good reasons, best known to himself,*)
 Preferring his *stick* to his *finger*.

Then presently poking him down to the floor,
 (Not stopping at all to consider)
 With one horrid crush the whole business was o'er,
 The poor little spider was heard of no more,
 To the lasting distress of his widow!

THE POPPY.

HIGH on a bright and sunny bed,
A scarlet poppy grew ;
And up it held its staring head,
And held it out to view.

Yet no attention did it win
By all these efforts made,
And less offensive had it been
In some retir'd shade.

For though within its scarlet breast
No sweet perfume was found,
It seem'd to think itself the best
Of all the flowers around.

From this may I a hint obtain,
And take great care indeed,
Lest I should grow as pert and vain,
As is this gaudy weed.

THE VIOLET.

DOWN in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flow'r,
Its colours bright and fair ;
It might have grac'd a rosy bow'r,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints array'd ;
And there it spread its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flow'r to see ;
That I may also learn to grow,
In sweet humility.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

How pleasant it is, at the end of the day
No follies to have to repent ;
But reflect on the past, and be able to say,
That my time has been properly spent.

When I've done all my business with patience and care,
And been good, and obliging, and kind ;
I lay on my pillow, and sleep away there,
With a happy and peaceable mind.

But instead of all this, if it must be confess'd,
That I careless and idle have been ;
I lay down as usual and go to my rest,
But feel discontented within.

Then, as I don't like all the trouble I've had,
In future I'll try to prevent it ;
For I never am naughty without being sad,
Or good—without being contented.

CONTENTED JOHN.

ONE honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer ;
For all such vain wishes to him were prevented,
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather, or dear was the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood ;
For this he was constantly heard to declare,
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

For, why should I grumble and murmur, he said ?
If I cannot get meat, I can surely get bread ;
And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper.

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wish'd himself better, but did not complain ;
Nor lie down to fret, in despondence and sorrow,
But said—that he hop'd to be better to-morrow.

If any one wrong'd him, or treated him ill,
Why, John was good-natur'd and sociable still ;
For he said, that revenging the injury done,
Would be making two rogues, when there need be but
one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
Pass'd thro' this sad world without even a grumble,
And I wish that some folks, who are greater and richer,
Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.—

JANE.

THE GAUDY FLOWER.

WHY does my Anna toss her head,
And look so scornfully around,
As if she'd scarcely deign to tread
Upon the daisy-dappled ground?

Does fancied beauty fire thine eye,
The brilliant tint, the satin skin?
Does the lov'd glass, in passing by,
Reflect a form genteel and thin?

Alas! that form, that brilliant fire,
Will never win beholders, love:
They may make flatt'ring fools admire,
Persons of sense they cannot move.

So glows the tulip, staring, bold,
In the broad sunshine it abides:
Like rubies, pearls, and burnish'd gold,
It shows its bulbous, glossy sides.

But who the gaudy flow'ret crops,
His breast, or sense to gratify?
Admir'd it blows, neglected drops,
Like a fair girl with scornful eye.

The heart's internal feelings move
By virtues, seated in the mind;
Beauty excites more fear than love,
As fair, but empty damsels find.

SLUTTISHNESS.

AH! Mary, my Mary, why where is your Dolly?
Look, here, I protest, on the floor;
To leave her about in the dirt thus is folly,
You ought to be trusted no more.

I thought you were pleas'd, and receiv'd her quite gladly,
When on your birth-day she came home;
Did I ever suppose you would use her so sadly,
And strew her things over the room.

Her bonnet of straw you once thought a great matter,
And tied it so pretty and neat;
Now see how 'tis crumpled, no trencher is flatter,
It grieves your mamma thus to see't.

Suppose, (you're my Dolly, you know, little daughter,
Whom I love to dress neat, and see good,)
Suppose, in my care of you, I were to falter,
And let you get dirty and rude!

But Dolly's mere wood, you are flesh and blood living,
And deserve better treatment and care;
That is true, my sweet girl, 'tis the reason I'm giving
This lesson so sharp and severe.

'Tis not for Dolly I'm anxious and fearful,
Though she cost too much to be spoil'd;
I'm afraid lest yourself should grow sluttish, not care-
ful,
And that were a sad thing, my child.

DECEMBER NIGHT.

DARK and dismal is the night,
Beating rain and wind so high ;
Close the window-shutters tight,
And the cheerful fire come nigh.

Hear the blasts, in dreadful chorus,
Roaring through the naked trees,
Just like thunder, bursting o'er us ;
Now they murmur, now they cease.

Think how many o'er the wild
Wander in this dreadful weather ;
Some poor mother with her child,
Scarce can keep her rags together.

Or a wretched family,
'Neath some mud-wall, ruin'd shed,
Shrugging close together, lie
On the earth—their only bed.

While we sit within so warm,
Shelter'd, comfortable, safe ;
Think how many 'bide the storm,
Who no home, or shelter have.

Sad *their* lot is, wretched creatures !
How much better off are *we* ;
Discontent, then, on our features,
Surely never ought to be.—J. T.

POVERTY.

I SAW an old cottage of clay,
And only of mud was the floor ;
'Twas all falling into decay,
And the snow drifted in at the door.

Yet there a poor family dwelt,
In a cottage so dismal and rude ;
And though gnawing hunger they felt,
They'd scarcely a morsel of food.

The children were crying for bread,
And to their poor mother they run ;
" O give us some breakfast," they said,
Alas ! their poor mother had none.

She view'd them with looks of despair ;
She said, (and I'm sure it was true),
" 'Tis not for myself that I care,
But, my poor little children, for you."

O, then, let the wealthy and gay
But see such a hovel as this,
That in a poor cottage of clay,
They may learn what real misery is.

And the little that I have to spare,
I never will squander away,
While thousands of people there are,
As poor and as wretched as they.

THE VILLAGE GREEN.

ON the cheerful Village Green,
Scatter'd round with houses neat,
All the boys and girls are seen,
Playing there with busy feet.

Now they frolic, hand in hand ;
Making many a merry chain ;
Then they form a warlike band,
Marching o'er the level plain.

Then ascends the worsted ball ;
High it rises in the air ;
Or against the cottage wall,
Up and down it bounces there.

As the hoop, with even pace,
Runs before the merry crowd ;
Joy is seen in ev'ry face,
Joy is heard in clamours loud.

For among the rich and gay,
Fine, and grand, and deck'd in laces,
None appear more glad than they,
With happier hearts, or happier faces.

Then contented with my state,
Let me envy not the great ;
Since true pleasure may be seen
On a cheerful Village Green.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

How bless'd my lot, 'bove savage race,
Oh God! to have the pow'r
Of gaining knowledge of thy grace,
To soothe the dying hour.

How eager through the sacred page
My eyes delighted rove,
Tracing thy acts from earliest age,
Thy wisdom and thy love.

And as I read, with pleasure fraught,
Most grateful feels my heart,
That I, by parent care, was taught
The truth thy laws impart.

The untaught savage hails the sun,
As source of life and day,
While I to God, and God alone,
My daily worship pay.

Since then such benefits are mine,
When thousands are neglected,
My actions, sure, should doubly shine,
For more from me 's expected.

Each moment as my mind expands,
Thy glory shines more bright;
I know my life is in thy hands,
And own it with delight.

For if thy dictates I fulfil,
And thou the pow'r hast given,
Such knowledge of thy holy will
Shall gain the joys of heaven.—ELIZA.

CRADLE HYMN.

HUSH, my dear, lie still and slumber !
 Holy angels guard thy bed !
 Heavenly blessings, without number,
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
 House and home thy friends provide ;
 All without thy care or payment,
 All thy wants are well supply'd.

How much better thou'rt attended,
 Than the Son of God could be,
 When from Heaven he descended,
 And became a child like thee !

Soft and easy is thy cradle ;
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
 When his birth-place was a stable,
 And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe ! what glorious features !
 Spotless, fair, divinely bright !
 Must he dwell with brutal creatures ?
 How could angels bear the sight ?

Was there nothing but a manger,
 Wicked sinners could afford,
 To receive the heavenly stranger ?
 Did they thus affront the Lord ?

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
 Though my song might sound too hard,
 'Tis thy mother * sits beside thee,
 And her arm shall be thy guard.

* Here you may use the word brother, neighbour, &c.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abus'd their king ;
How they serv'd the Lord of glory ;
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky !
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing,
Lovely infant, how he smil'd !
When he wept, the mother's blessing,
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

Lo ! he slumbers in a manger,
Where the horned oxen fed ;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
There's no oxen near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy bless'd Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days ;
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face and sing his praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire ;
Not a mother's fondest wishes,
Can to greater joys aspire.

ON REVENGE.

OH! never may my youthful breast
 With angry passions fraught,
 Let malice dark its peace infest,
 By one revengeful thought.

Trifling the ills I may endure,
 If I consider thine ;
 And yet thy spirit, meek and pure,
 Did never once repine.

If me unjustly foes accuse,
 The truth to thee is known,
 And shall themselves with guilt confuse,
 When summon'd to thy throne.

Nor will my own forbearance fail
 To meet a just reward ;
 While kindred angels joyful hail
 The child approv'd by God.—MARY.

 THE GNAT.

THE splendour of a candle-light
 Once of a gnat had struck the sight ;
 It gambol'd round it, unaware
 Of all the dangers which were there.

Its life was lost ; and that I see,
 May answer as a hint to me ;
 In choice of friends the wise are nice,
 And shun the lures of brilliant vice.

TRUE GRANDEUR.

THE warrior longs for fame,
 And brisk obeys her call ;
 He hopes to gain a name,
 When thousands butcher'd fall.

When he with sword and fire,
 Destroys whate'er he can,
 The people all admire,
 And cry, *How great a man !*

Whoe'er his passion rules,
 Deserves fair virtue's meed ;
 And though unprais'd by fools,
 That man is great indeed.



THE FOOLISH WISH.

O, like a bird, could I take wing,
 And fly from tree to tree ;
 Or mount aloft, and soaring sing,
 How happy should I be !

Then, like an eagle out of view—
 Ah ! what's that sudden sound ?
 A little bird shot through and through,
 Falls lifeless to the ground.

Had I been wing'd, then, like a bird,
 How short had been life's span .
 My wish, I see, was quite absurd ;
 Thank God, I am a man.

A HYMN.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
 Great God! are in thy hand,
 My choicest comforts come from thee,
 And go at thy command.

Though thou should'st take them all away
 Yet would I not repine,
 Before they were possess'd by me,
 They were entirely thine.

Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
 Though the whole world was gone,
 But seek enduring happiness,
 In thee the Lord alone.

The world with all its glitt'ring stores
 Is but a bitter sweet,
 When I attempt to pluck a rose,
 A prickling thorn I meet.

No perfect bliss can here be found,
 The honey's mix'd with gall,
 'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
 Be thou my ALL in ALL.—MARY.

 ON LOVE TO ONE ANOTHER.

WHEN first creation own'd a birth,
 And from the bosom of the earth,
 Sprung flower, herb, and tree;
 When man more perfect than the whole,
 Was form'd with feeling, mind, and soul,
 Then all was harmony.

Yet man with sense and reason bless'd,
For whom fair nature thus was dress'd,
 Who ev'ry bliss enjoy'd ;
Soon learn'd the sin to disobey,
And by temptation led astray,
 This harmony destroy'd.

If we but cast our eyes around,
And view the beauties which abound
 At every step we tread ;
Or listen to the warbling throng,
Who fill the air with grateful song,
 When summer's stores are spread,—

Small will our gratitude appear,
Who view such scenes from year to year,
 Nor feel repentance keen ;
That such examples we should see,
And not among ourselves agree,
 Like nature's general scene.

Observe beneath yon rose's shade,
Borne on one stock, two buds display'd ;
 Who could such union sever ?
Thus nature did intend mankind,
The bud's affection, the stalk, our mind,
 Ties that should last for ever.

When storms of passion rude arise,
Be this her lesson before our eyes,
 To check the coming sin ;
Kind nature's precepts let us love,
Yielding to them we soon shall prove,
 That all mankind are kin.

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